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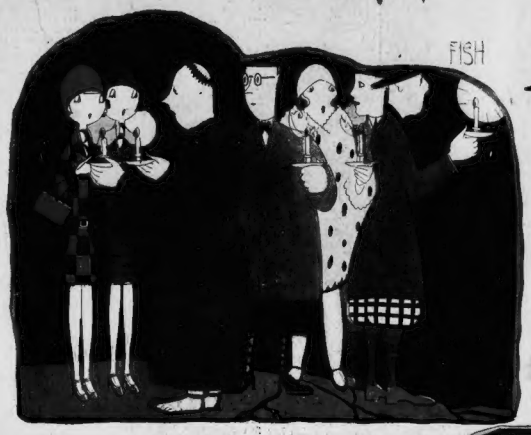
Petty-June Does Europe

Continuing the Diary of Her Adventures After College Days, by the Brilliant Satirist Fish



1

WE reached Rome after a terrible trip all night and all day because I couldn't afford a sleeper, but after a rest Gwen and I started out to find the Catacombs. It seems they keep mummies and skulls there and not cats. We went down with lighted candles and it was so weird. The first ones are very small, really only kittycombs. A monk led us miles and miles in the dark, and I thought supposing I got lost!

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2

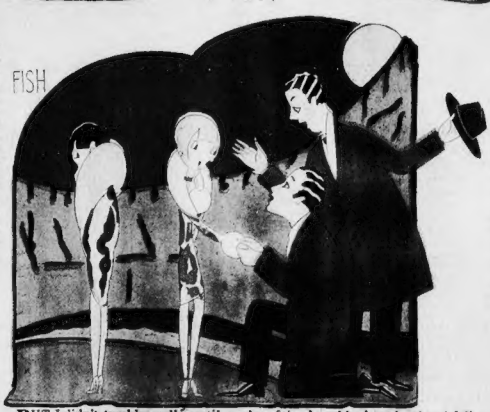
AND I did get lost! I stopped to look at the sweetest little skeleton. Then I ran to catch up and my candle went out and I took the wrong turning. I could hear hollow voices. I ran faster and faster. I bumped a coffin. A bony hand grabbed me. Then—oh, gosh, Diary, I fainted!

3

WHEN I came to the whole anxious weird party was gathered around and Gwen was holding me up on one side and the sweetest looking boy you ever saw on the other, offering me smelling salts. They said I knocked over the coffin of some old gentleman who was Cleopatra's boy friend, and it made so much noise they came back and found me.

4

I MEET my sheik! (That sounds like "I miss my Swiss"; aren't I cute?) He owns a souvenir shop and is going to let me have things at half price. He comes of a quite nice family, and we went out to a tea dance, and he's just as sweet as he can be. He has a good English pronunciation "I lov-v-v-v you"—but he has very little to pronounce.



5

WE got up a party and went out to the Coliseum to see it by moonlight, and my sheik brought along a friend for Gwen, who says I get all the attention, and no wonder when I won the "S. A." contest. But Gwen's not really catty, only when she hasn't got a man. I soon found this Antonelli chap had been brought along to make himself useful. He spoke *quite* good English.

6

BUT I didn't tumble really until my boy friend grabbed my hand and fell on one knee and said "I lov-v-v-v you!" four or five times and then turned to Antonelli and talked a string of funny foreign words. Then I got the idea. He was proposing to me, and when his English vocabulary gave out he had his buddy there to translate. It was so funny I let them go on and on. Gwen was simply stifled. But I adored it, until he got to saying something about the "pretty little bambinos to come." I giggled at this, and so this broke up the party. But, Diary, can you swallow it? I've had a proposal by moonlight on one knee in the Coliseum! Could travel be more broadening?

(To Be Continued)

Raised Rare Fish As a Hobby And Made Her Fortune

MANY Parisians have never heard of Mlle. Sein and could not direct you to her pretty home on the outskirts of the city. Yet her salon is a popular gathering place for scientists from all over Europe, and among her friends, business associates and patrons she numbers persons from all parts of the world.

Almost every day strange parcels that gurgle are delivered at her back door; parcels from Brazil and Madagascar and Japan. And other parcels that gurgle go out of her house addressed to places equally various and exotic. These parcels contain fish—some of the most curious creatures that inhabit the waters of the world—and in buying them and selling them Mlle. Sein has made a great deal of money, enough to keep her in luxury as long as she lives.

Many rooms in her big house are filled with rows and rows of glass tanks, in which the interesting commodities with which she deals are bred for a comparatively small but very lucrative market. Mlle. Sein is a breeder of rare fish and her customers are the directors of public aquariums and owners of private aquariums in almost every country on the face of the earth. Very often scientists, curious to study species of fish that they have never actually seen, or to procure rare specimens for laboratory work, call at the house of Mlle. Sein.

Europe's famous "fish woman," who is now in middle life, has been engaged in her unusual profession for many years, although when she began collecting rare fish she did it merely as a hobby and with no thought of making money.

At first she had only a bowl of ordinary goldfish, which she bought for the market, asked her to sell them some of the beautiful and bizarre creatures for their own homes.

It was in this way that she conceived the idea of collecting and breeding rare fish as a commercial venture. In order to learn first-hand the possibilities of her enterprise she began to study the species of fish that were at once small and marketable and to establish sources of supply.

Before long her private aquarium was filled with many breeds of swimming curiosities and she was devoting all her time to caring for them. The venture was not so simple as she had imagined, for many of the fish that came to her from various parts of the world died en route or succumbed soon after she put them in her tanks.

Mlle. Sein realized the necessity for keeping each of her breeds of fish under conditions as close as possible to those in their native elements, if her business was to succeed, and arranged for her fish to be shipped to her in special containers with plenty of proper food. She also procured supplies of water from the several localities from which her fish came.

For a few days she kept the fish in the water of their natural habitat, and then gradually replaced this water with that piped into her aquarium until the creatures were oriented to the new conditions. In this way she greatly reduced the number of casualties that marked the early days of her venture.

The fame of the aquarium spread and orders for rare creatures of the sea came to her from many sources. Directors of public acquariums bought species of fish that they had been unable to get, and wealthy men bought fish oddities for the pools in the gardens of their estates. Scientists visited her home to look over her strange collection of fish and frequently paid high prices for specimens to be used in laboratory study.

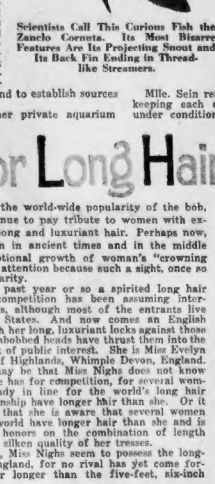
Mlle. Sein, by painstaking experiment, learned how to breed many kinds of rare fish in the laboratory she established in connection with her aquarium, and is recognized as an authority by naturalists and zoologists in all parts of the world.

Mlle. Sein no longer needs to worry about profits from her unique business and is devoting more and more time to the purely scientific phases of breeding curious kinds of fish in a habitat unnatural to them, and acclimatizing these fish so that they will thrive in captivity where thousands of people can see and enjoy them.

One of the Strangest Creatures That Swims Is the So-called Cavaluccio Fillotterire, a Species of Sea Horse That Looks Like a Plant.

—On the Left—
The Pterophilum, a Rare Species of Moon Fish Found in Brazilian Waters. Mlle. Sein Has Bred Many of These in Her Aquarium.

HERBERT GES PHOTO.



Mlle. Sein Feeding Some of Her Telescopic Fish, So-called Because They Can Extend and Contract Their Eyes. Her Patrons Pay High Prices for This Curious Inhabitant of Tropical Waters.

The Moon Fish Is Like a Living Ornament Fashioned of Mother-of-Pearl.

The Swellfish, Nature's Attempt at Making a Balloon, Finds a Ready Sale Among Buyers of Rare Fish.

Scientists Call This Curious Fish the Zancho Cornuta. Its Most Bizarre Features Are Its Projecting Snout and Its Back Fin Ending in Thread-like Streamers.

England Enters the Field for Long Hair Championship

IN SPITE of the world-wide popularity of the bob, people continue to pay tribute to women with exceptionally long and luxuriant hair. Perhaps now, even more than in ancient times and in the middle ages, an exceptional growth of woman's "crowning glory" attracts attention because such a sight, once so common, is a rarity.

Within the past year or so a spirited long hair championship competition has been assuming international aspects, although most of the entrants live in the United States. And now comes an English woman to match her long, luxuriant locks against those whose unbobbed heads have thrust them into the spotlight of public interest. She is Miss Evelyn Nighs, of Highlands, Whimple Devon, England.

It may be that Miss Nighs does not know what she has for competition, for several women already in line for the world's long hair championship have longer hair than she. Or it may be that she is aware that several women in the world have longer hair than she and is seeking honors on the combination of length plus the silken quality of her tresses.

At any rate, Miss Nighs seem to possess the longest locks in England, for no rival has yet come forward with hair longer than the five-feet, six-inch growth that adorns the head of the Highlands woman.

The present rivalry for long hair honors began when citizens of Clarendon, Virginia, claimed that Mrs. Ernest Morsell, a resident of that place, had longer hair than any other woman in the United States. Her hair measured more than five feet in length.

This claim was promptly disposed of when Miss Minnie Hanorot, of Chicago, entered six feet and three inches of crowning glory in the unofficial contest.

Miss Hanorot's claim as the national queen of long locks vanished as quickly as did Mrs. Morsell's, when two women, each with hair seven feet, two inches long, appeared from a nation of bobbed heads. One of these, Mrs. Lydia McPherson, is a resident of Los Angeles, and the other is Miss Jackie Wells of Chicago.

With these two entries, it appeared that the contest was over and that honors would have to be divided between Mrs. McPherson and Jackie Wells. They were hailed not only as the longest haired women in the United States, but as the possessors of more luxuriant locks than could be found elsewhere in the world.

But the title, it seems, belonged to neither of these women, for the publicity given their unusual growth of hair soon brought to light Miss Shulfried Sjorgren, of Toronto, Canada, whose blond locks had attained the almost unbelievable length of ten feet.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

'A Native of the New Hebrides Wearing the Fearsome Dancing Mask Used During the Tribal Rites.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Miss Evelyn Nighs, of Highlands, Whimple Devon, England, Whose Five Feet Six Inches of Hair Is Said to Be the Longest Worn by Any Woman in England.

Latest Fashions for Head-Hunters

NOWHERE in the world can there be found head-hunters more vicious and cruel than the uncivilized natives who inhabit the isolated islands of the New Hebrides, which lie in the Southern Pacific about midway between the Fiji Islands and Australia.

Unlike most other tribes of primitive killers, the head-hunters of these islands do not make their fearsome masks and deadly weapons exactly as their forefathers made them, but take a grim delight in changing fashions in these things used in their wild tribal rites and expeditions against their victims.

The ceremonial mask and war club shown in the photograph above are the newest vogue among certain of the New Hebrides tribes and show a terrifying originality in conception and utility.

The mask is crudely carved from wood and is very light in weight. It is stained a murky brown with the juice of native berries and has coarse hair and beard fashioned of dried vegetable fibre.

The war club is made of a very tough, hard wood and is cut from the crotch of a tree. On the outside of the angle formed by the crotch a native artisan has carved five sharp points, a solid blow from any one of which is enough to knock a victim unconscious or, if rightly placed, kill him instantly.

When the head-hunters are on the war-path in search of victims whose heads they can hang up in their huts as evidence of their prowess at cold-blooded murder, they do not encumber themselves with masks. They travel light, clad only in a strip of cloth about their loins and carrying a spear or club in one hand and a light shield in the other.

The mask shown in the photograph is a so-called dancing mask and is used in the weird rites that precede an attack on an enemy tribe.

The New Hebrides group is made up of two large islands and many small islands. The largest of the group is Loyalty Island and the next largest is Espiritu Santo. On these two islands many white traders have settled and the head-hunters have withdrawn from the coast to live in the unexplored interior.

But many of the smaller islands are inhabited only by wild native tribes some of which have never seen a white man. It is on these islands that the bloody warfare of the head-hunters goes on unabated and where changing fashions in fighting equipment lends color to the never-ending quest for human skulls.

Poland's Prize Beauty Eats Only Eggs

ALMOST every famous beauty had some fad or whimsy to which she attributes the preservation and enhancement of her comeliness. Some of them drink many glasses of pure, cold water every day; others abstain from the eating of meat; still others eat anything they desire but shun worry, thus keeping their facial skin free from unsightly wrinkles.

But among all the world's celebrated beauties none has a stranger recipe for maintaining physical charm than Mlle. Anastasia Zablocka, who has been selected as the most beautiful woman in Poland. She attributes her extraordinary good looks to an exclusive diet of eggs.

As a girl in her teens, Mlle. Zablocka attracted the attention of artists, sculptors and theatrical producers, who saw in her the perfect Polish type of femininity. They told her that if she so lived that her beauty flowered naturally she would be one of the most alluring women, not only in Poland but in the whole world.

Somehow Mlle. Zablocka got the idea that eggs are the perfect diet for one who wishes to have a clear skin, a bright eye, red lips and a surplus of physical energy. And she decided that, in order to fulfill the prediction of those who pronounced her unusually good to look upon, that she would live on an exclusive egg diet.

Every day the Polish beauty eats at least a dozen eggs, and sometimes more than a dozen. She does not find the diet monotonous, she says, for she has the eggs prepared in a great variety of ways. Sometimes she eats them raw; at other times she has them cooked in an omelet, or boiled or chirred or scrambled.

Eminent dietitians have warned Mlle. Zablocka that her theory is unsound and that she cannot keep her health and her beauty by living on eggs alone. But she has not heeded their warnings and seems to be more beautiful than when she began satisfying her hunger entirely with the produce of the poultry farm.

The news that Poland's most beautiful woman lives entirely on eggs inspired hundreds of girls and women to adopt her unusual diet and so increased the demand for fresh eggs all over the country that the Federation of Polish Poultry Farmers were moved to honor the woman who had done so much for their business.

Their appreciation took the form of a solid gold egg which they presented to Mlle. Zablocka with elaborate ceremony at their recent nation convention in Warsaw.

HERBERT GES PHOTO.

Mlle. Anastasia Zablocka, Who Has Been Acclaimed by Artists and Sculptors as the Most Beautiful Woman in Poland, and Who Believes That Her Comeliness Is Due to the Fact That She Lives Exclusively on Eggs.

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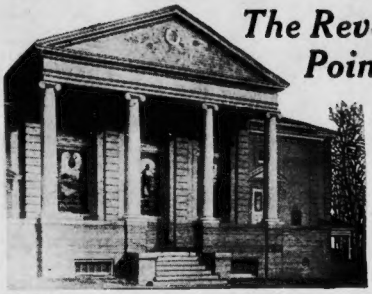
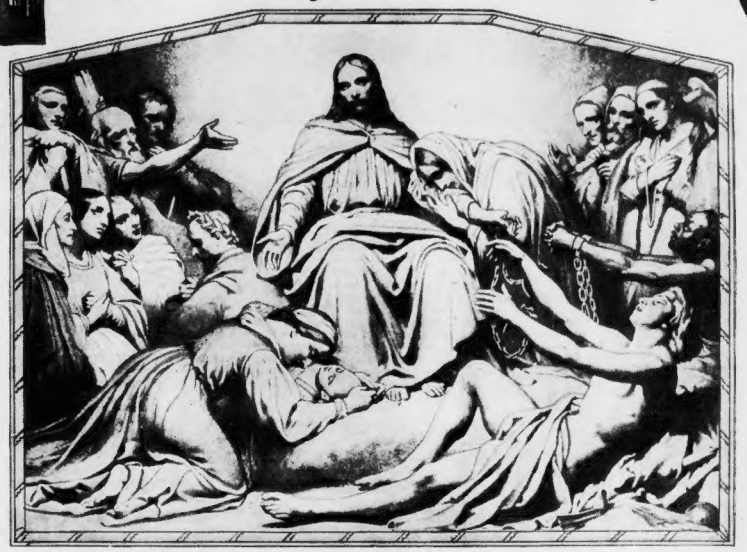
Why It Is Impossible To "Live Like Christ" Now

The Reverend Mr. Gillette in His Sermon Reverently Points Out That He Had No Home or Fixed Abiding Place, Despised Money, Did Not Resist Oppression, and That Bankruptcy If Not Prison Awaits Anyone Who Literally Imitates Him Today



The Highland Christian Church in Denver, Colorado, of Which the Reverend Mr. Gillette Is Pastor.

The Reverend F. H. Gillette.



The European Artist Scheffer's Beautiful Painting of "Christ the Consoler," and the Acceptance of the Saviour's Message of Hope Rather Than Imitation of His Life, the Rev. Mr. Gillette Believes, Is the Ideal for Christians to Follow.

WIDESPREAD attention was attracted recently to a sermon by an eminent Western minister, the Reverend F. H. Gillette, of the Highland Christian Church, of Denver, Colorado, in which he gave as his opinion that it was impossible to "live like Christ" today. The Reverend Mr. Gillette reverently argued that because of the Saviour's mission and the unusual circumstances of His life, the way in which He lived constituted perfection, but that this way of living, if translated into modern times and emulated by the Christian of today, would have disastrous consequences to civilization as now constituted. On this page the Rev. Mr. Gillette's sermon is presented practically in full.

Rev. Mr. Gillette's Sermon.

ANY student of the times will note that the tendency of the race is to go forward in waves. Any impulse that may arise, say in the political realm, will find its analogy in the ecclesiastical and social realms.

Just at present we are in a movement not to search for the solution of problems, but to find solving slogans. To concentrate and consolidate, in a phrase, the cross-country sentiment of a people is to capture the nation overnight. "Safety First," "Make the World Safe for Democracy," and "The Jesus Way of Living," are a trio of slogans that hold the world in their grips.

With reference to the last phrase, one finds it echoing along the Congo, amid the cherry blossoms of Japan and on the pampas of the Amazon. It is a subtle slogan buttressed against attack by the apparent unimpeachableness of its ethics. It finds ready acceptance among religionists.

To asks the question, "Is Jesus really our example?" is to court immediate criticism, for there is no sect or denomination upon earth that has ever questioned the moral life of Jesus and the desirableness of Christlikeness of character. On first thought no one would deny the value of an imitation of the ways of that Good Man. The very question calls up pleasant memories of kindly deeds, acts of unselfishness and cleanness of living that transcends the multitude.

But this present inquiry is devoted to the results of a second thought upon the matter. It results from a determination to bravely face the issue, "Is Jesus really our example in all things?"

As it stands, minus qualification, the slogan is dangerous and one could easily prove from church history that its slavish observance has wrecked many a life, fostered many a useless sect, and brought many a soul under a bondage that has negatived their existence and filled them with deepest sorrow.

It is true that twice, and twice only, in the Scriptures, is Jesus referred to as our example. But it is likewise true that in those very references it is specifically stated wherein we are to follow Him. We are not left to accept the example of Jesus in a significance so wide as to include the foolish and dangerous. When St. Peter, in his second epistle, speaks of Jesus as an example, he immediately proceeds to specify the ways in which we are to follow Him and heads the list with "doing no sin." He then enumerates simplicity of speech and the spirit that suffers without retaliation, or backbiting, or threatening.

When in St. John, the thirteenth chapter, Jesus washes the disciples' feet, and says that He leaves His lowly action as an example for us to follow, it is understood by all sane Bible students that the act is highly symbolical, and to an Easterner especially would have no other meaning than that we ought to forgive one another.

If those, therefore, who cry the slogan, "The Jesus Way of Living" were to specify wherein we are to follow Him, there could and would be no cry of opposition. If they were to qualify as does St. Peter, one might safely follow the steps of the Nazarene, but to give the slogan forth in blanket form is to invite the fanatic and the neurotic to vagaries that draw down anathemas upon Christianity, for it is ever true that the worst enemies of this great religion are those within the camp.

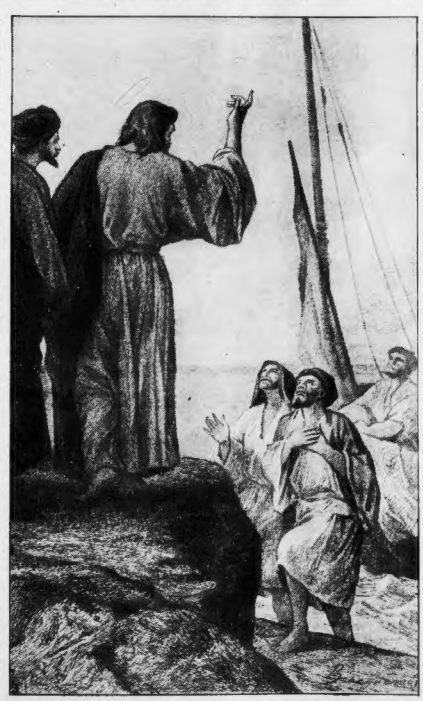
It is our opinion after a long and careful study of the life of Jesus that there are innumerable ways in which we dare not take Him as an example. We may go so far as to say that there are ways involving even the moral problem in which we dare not imitate Him.

In order to clarify the situation that we have created by these introductory thoughts, we will proceed categorically to show wherein we are not able, or morally bound to walk even as He walked.

Jesus Christ is specifically stated by Paul in the last chapter of the Roman epistle to be a minister. Yet if the modern clergy were to follow in His steps, they would run amuck against custom, law and fiercest social opposition. For Jesus was never ordained, He never performed the rite of baptism, and never solemnised matrimony. But an unordained minister today is legally disqualified from solemnizing matrimony in many States, and in not a few denominations cannot baptize or administer the Lord's Supper except after ordination.

If a modern minister were to attend a wedding and turn some sixty gallons of water into wine he would discover the Volstead act and encounter the fury of the W. C. T. U. Yet that was "The Jesus Way of Living."

We hear it said more and more by lime-light spiritual leaders of the day, that since Jesus healed, we are to heal. While we are not here discussing the healing issue, we must not throttle the wish, to say that if modern church healers are walking in Jesus steps in the matter of healing, they are doing a poor job of it. For Jesus never failed to heal any one, his healings were instantaneous and they proved to be permanent. And it remains to be said, there were no fees. Jesus never had assistants trained to weed out the incurables, but wrought his profoundest cures upon lepers. Jesus never had to build a psychopathic ward to receive those who, in the wild deceptions of faked cures, were driven upon the rocks of neurasthenia, and worse.



The Calling of James and John—"And He called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him." Matthew iv. 21-22. One of the Incidents in the Life of the Saviour Which, It Is Argued, If Everyone Followed Today Would Disrupt Society as Now Constituted.

Perhaps the greatest field of activity in which Jesus was not our example is to be located in the social and temporal affairs of the Galilean. One is compelled to note with some degree of surprise that Jesus did nothing to better His earthly position. Harnack of Germany states it as his observation that Jesus never exhibited at any time the slightest interest in any systematic calling. The carpenter tools dropped from His hands when He started for Jordan and baptism. While He may seem to have fitted Himself for a definite calling in life, He abandoned the calling at Jordan and though He were the carpenter's son, He is never styled the carpenter. He spent no time in studying the useful arts of sciences save an apprenticeship at carpentry, and who will say how complete it was or incomplete; He tilled no soil, raised no crops, sold no goods. He gave, so far as we have record, no single thought to shelter, food, clothes or fuel.

He had a queer way of paying His temple tax, for it was from a fish's mouth that friend Peter extracted the coin of the realm. He never married, possessed no home, wrote no cheques on a bank account, and never filed a deed. While He never married, He sanctioned it. Yet He who declared through Paul that marriage is honorable among all, refused to marry and left us no example for husbandhood.

It might be said with all reverence, for we aim in all we are saying to be intensely reverent, that one could almost wish that Jesus had let us the history of a home-making and child-rearing. If home-making and child-rearing is the greatest task of man, and that in which he all too frequently fails, would not a perfect example have helped?

There are reasons, of course, why Jesus didn't, yes, couldn't marry, but we are aiming at the unqualified statement, "Do as Jesus did."

We are amazed to find that Jesus never gave a cent to missions, perhaps because He had none to give. He never did any missionary work, but according to the actual record, refused upon one occasion, at least, to talk religion to two Greeks who asked for an interview. He never left Palestine in the interest of the Gentiles, and even made a keen distinction between the Jew and the foreigner. If we were therefore to follow Jesus today in these regards, there would be no foreign missions, and the Jew at home would be the center of our religious attentions, which is the very opposite of the present situation.

Jesus rigidly, though not according to the traditional encrustations of the Pharisees, kept the Sabbath day, the seventh day of the week. He never observed Sunday. When He healed certain ones He enjoined upon them the necessity of reporting to the Jewish priests. He required that all His followers obey the teachings of those who sat in Moses seat, and frowned with anger upon those who broke the Law of Moses. Here, too, there are good reasons why His course was pursued, but the modern propagandists of the slogan, "Do as Jesus did," never qualify their statement, but leave it to be surmised that, without let or hindrance, we are to boldly follow Him in all these things.

It is a matter of record that Jesus never wrote a book, never prepared a sermon, never built a college, never endowed or made arrangements of any kind for religious education. We have neither sermon, book, nor college curricula from His hands. He left not even one suggestion regarding education, social service or reform. He never attempted reform, save to remove, as far as possible, the encrustations of rabbinic traditionalism that encumbered the law of Moses as originally given. He saw Israel under foreign bondage of the most tyrannical sort, but submitted to Pilate's cruel and illegal decision. He never led a revolution against Rome, nor suggested one. Rather, He submitted and taught submission.

For three years and a half He walked the soil of Palestine and saw all that was wrong, but He instituted no permanent changes. Never a word from His lips can be twisted by casuists to give excuse for the formation of the W. C. T. U. (we're not fighting the W. C. T. U.) or any other organization, even of a missionary sort. He took no part in any attempt of any sort to better the conditions of labor. In fact, if we accept the inspiration of the scriptures, and the Apostleship of James, we need to be reminded that Jesus was opposed to labor unions, or, rather, did not father them, for James, writing professedly under Divine direction, cautions the unpaid and underpaid laborer to be patient on the wage question. But if James is too far fetched on this question, we refer the reader to the fact that it was the very John, to whose baptism Jesus submitted at Jordan, that enjoined upon the listening Roman soldiers to be content with their wages.

One might prolong this research into the life of Jesus as a potential example for the Christian of today, but space demands that we turn to another consideration of the problem.

If Jesus is not an unqualified example for the Christian, and if the average individual is too busy making a living to study the matter to the point of certainty as to the ways in which Jesus is our example, and in all too many cases is not intellectually able to make an accurate study of the problem, what are we to do?

Are we to conclude at once that Jesus is, for us today, of no value at all as an example?

Is there no way out of the dilemma?

Happily there is, though it, too, is fraught with a degree of danger for those who have neither time, inclination nor opportunity for making a careful study of the problem, whose elements are to be found nowhere else, save in the scriptures.

Paul, we understand from the Sacred Word, was and is the Apostle of the Gentiles. Called subsequently to the Twelve, and never considered one of them, and called, as we read, outside of Palestine as an indication that he was to be a Gentile apostle, he is to be regarded in a very special way as the example of the Christian.

We would state at the very outset that our proposed solution is qualified in no uncertain terms by the Apostle Paul himself. And the qualifications are such that we are able to retain Jesus as our example, under restrictions set and fixed by an inspired apostle. We have no disposition to get rid of Jesus, but we do hope to enable the reader to find a safe way to walk as He walked, avoiding those difficulties, that, if not avoided, lead into vagaries and inexcusable fanaticisms.

The amazing statement is made by the Apostle Paul, "Follow me as I follow Christ." At first glance this might be construed as a declaration that the reader was to do as Paul did—"Follow Christ." But the life of Paul laid down alongside that of Jesus was so absolutely different in many vital particulars that we are led to see that what Paul actually meant was, "Follow me in those ways in which I, an inspired apostle, aware of the vexing problem of Jesus' exampleship, am following Him. You are to note that under inspiration I do not follow Jesus in all respects, but select under divine guidance those ways of His which are fitted to us in the church, and under the limitations of a different dispensation, the Christian."

At once we see that we are left free to follow Jesus but guided by one whose eclecticism is under Divine compulsion. Time forbids us to set the detail of the Pauline life over against that of Christ. But Paul did marry, did learn a trade and worked at it while upon his fartherest missionary journey. He did enjoin upon his hearers that they should have a trade and stick to it. He did leave Palestine and under difficulties, not the least of which was an inborn prejudice against the Gentiles, labor among the outlanders, and pressed matrimony upon all who by nature and calling were unfitted for celibacy.

Paul attended college and was a graduate of Gamaliel, one of the most remarkable teachers of his day. One could easily show that one who had had such advantages would sanction the building of colleges and libraries. In fact, the very word, library, brings to memory the piteous plea of Paul that the one coming to him would kindly bring his cloak and certain books. Evidently Paul was a student.

Jesus preached to Jews only, but Paul preached to both Jews and Gentiles. He took up missionary contributions, delivered them and wrought upon the far-flung field himself.

It was therefore Paul, the Gentiles' Apostle, who, acting as we fully believe, under Divine inspiration, said, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

To follow Jesus indiscriminately would turn the church into a mob of fanatics.

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Sad Ending of Betty Wheeler's Attempt to Make a Star of Her New Husband

Bernice Speer, Ziegfeld Beauty, Whom Bert Wheeler Married After He and Betty Were Divorced.

Bert and Betty Wheeler, as They Appeared in the Old Days, Happy and Prosperous Until the Boy Dancer Came Along.

Clarence Stroud, for Whom Betty Wheeler Left Her Husband and Partner, and Whom She Married. Now She Has Divorced Him Because She Could Not Make a Star of Him.

Betty Wheeler, Who Has Been Sadly Disillusioned, and Almost Forgotten by Broadway, While Bert Wheeler Has Attained Increased Fame.

BETTY WHEELER, the former wife and partner of Bert Wheeler, of vaudeville and musical comedy fame, has just come to the sad ending of an unusual experiment. She has found that stars of the stage must have native talent—that they can't be made. Two years ago, with astonishing suddenness, she gave Bert Wheeler, her husband, "the air," as Broadway put it, and married Clarence Stroud, a young dancer, whom she immediately took in hand to make a star of. But the other day she was forced to admit failure, for Stroud had left her. She is suing him for a divorce.

For eleven years Bert and Betty Wheeler played in vaudeville together, took the hard knocks and the "breaks" and were happy. Like many another team in vaudeville they looked forward to the day when they would have money enough to quit the routine and enjoy the fruits of their joint success.

When they were made headliners in the two-a-day and from there went into the Ziegfeld Follies as a star act, it seemed that all their dreams were coming true. And then, almost without warning, their happiness and their hopes went glimmering. For Betty Wheeler fell madly in love with Clarence Stroud, half of a brother act that still had far to go to make the big time. Their meeting occurred while Betty and Bert were playing a Southern circuit.

Overwhelmed by the attraction that the young dancer had for her, Betty told Bert how she felt, and, although he was amazed and heartbroken at her confession, he agreed to a divorce.

That was in 1927, just when the Wheelers were becoming the talk of Broadway and getting into the real money. Betty was set free from her partner on the grounds of cruelty and Bert, knowing that she would have to start at the bottom again if she intended to team with the youthful and little known dancer, generously settled $25,000 on her—half of the money they had earned on the stage.

Betty promptly married Stroud and set out to make him a "big timer" as soon as possible. Bert, left alone, was wondering what would happen to him when Florenz Ziegfeld put him in a big Broadway revue.

Meanwhile Betty was touring the tank towns with her handsome young husband, and not getting across so well. For, although Stroud could dance, he sadly lacked the experience and the personality of Bert Wheeler and just didn't click with audiences. Betty had spent much of the money that Bert settled on her for scenery and costumes and the act was a success so far as background was concerned. But the foreground—herself and her new husband—somehow refused to sparkle and bring the outbursts of applause that sweeps vaudeville villians out of the small time.

New York had almost forgotten about Betty Wheeler when the news came that her act with her young husband suddenly had been taken "off the boards," and that Betty was suing him for divorce.

When Bert Wheeler, now a Broadway celebrity, heard the news he was plainly distressed.

"I'm sorry that the poor kid couldn't make a go of it," he said. Then he wiped the makeup off his face, put on his street clothes and went out the stage door to step into his own limousine.

At the door of his home he was greeted by the new Mrs. Wheeler, once Bernice Speer, a Ziegfeld dancer. And when he had kissed her and asked if little Patricia Dolores Wheeler had eaten all her carrots and spinach, and been assured that his eighteen-months old daughter had done just that, he smiled happily and seemed to forget that a girl and a dancer had flopped somewhere in the small time and were going their separate ways.

Mechanical Beauty Contest Judge

THE pretty and shapely misses who recently gathered in Los Angeles to compete for national honors in a physical perfection contest were mystified when they found that the human element had been removed from the first stage of the contest, and that each of them was to be judged by inanimate cut-outs.

The officials in charge of the competition explained to the young women that the cut-outs—one of them a profile of a feminine body and the other a "front view" cut-out of the same body—were the exact measurements of what present-day authorities agree is the ideal feminine figure.

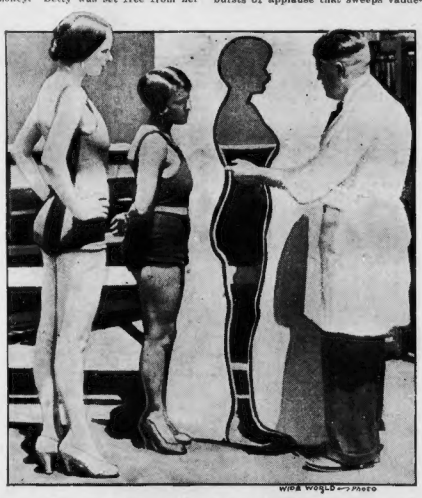
The figure was not adopted as "standard" until it had been subjected to the scrutiny of beauty judges and physical culture experts. The cut-out itself, to a certain extent, had to be put through the same tests as a young woman aspiring to a beauty crown. Several weeks were required before the cut-out itself was adopted. After that, it was figured, the work of beauty judges would be beautifully simplified.

Each of the entrants was required to stand within these cut-outs if possible, to determine how close she was to the ideal figure. Clad only in clinging and colorful bathing suits, the girls were, one by one, compared with the patterns, and only those who could stand within the outlines and fit reasonably close at every point were allowed to enter the finals.

Many fair misses found themselves put out of the race by the mechanical judges, and were frank in their condemnation of this novel and unheard-of manner of deciding points of beauty.

The finalists, however, were judged by discerning eyes and by various instruments and tests that determined their internal soundness as well as their external comeliness. They had no word of criticism for the mechanical judges, but were quite in favor of such innovations.

Clarence Chandler, of Dallas, Texas, Who Has Made His Own Diving Gear Which He Uses to Recover Golf Balls From Lakes Adjacent to Golf Courses.



Beauty Expert Testing Entrants for a Contest. If the Aspirants Do not Fit Reasonably Snug in the Cut Out Space, They Are Rejected.

Boy Diver Makes Living Recovering Golf Balls

LIKE many other boys in Dallas, Texas, Clarence Chandler picked up a little money during vacation time by caddying at a local golf course. But, unlike most of his bag-carrying cronies, he used his eyes for other things than spotting the resting place of balls driven into the rough.

He noticed that players were forever losing golf balls in the water holes and that there must be hundreds of dollars worth of balls at the bottom of these liquid hazards and lakes near the course. A idea flashed in his mind, a very ingenious idea for a lad of fifteen years.

Clarence took a deep tin bucket and cut a hole in the bottom of it. In this hole he soldered a pneumatic valve which would admit air and expel air without letting in water. To his valve he attached a long piece of rubber tubing and to the other end of the tubing he fixed an ordinary bicycle pump.

Then he put the bucket over his head and shaped the open end of it so that it set closely on his shoulders. And in order that no water would leak in, he made a sort of rubber collar.

Belts were attached to the bucket and passed down the chest and back to be securely fastened between the legs. These were intended to keep the helmet from working loose when the wearer was under water. Six ordinary sash weights were fastened to a belt to be worn about the waist. This would enable the "diver" to keep his feet on the bottom.

Clarence has recovered hundreds of golf balls from water holes and is finding his helmet a profitable invention.

Chimpanzee Is Expert Juggler

EVERY circus has its chimpanzee dressed in man's clothes and which goes through many amusingly human antics. The movies boast several of these simians that have been taught to shake hands, eat with a knife and fork and otherwise conduct themselves like men.

But Bou Bou, a chimpanzee now appearing in his own vaudeville act on the Swedish stage, seems to have outstripped all his species in the array of tricks he has mastered. He has the reputation of being one of the cleverest jugglers on the stage, and can do many stunts that only the most skilful human jugglers include in their repertoires.

The owner of Bou Bou, who is a juggler, discovered that the chimpanzee had a peculiar knack of mimicking the tricks his master did, and he easily taught him the simple stunt of juggling three balls. Before long the chimpanzee had learned to keep five balls in the air at once, and demonstrated that he was intelligent enough to master more difficult stunts.

For months the juggler worked patiently with his charge and was amazed at the ease and speed with which his eager pupil learned every trick set for him. The juggler was quick to appreciate that he had an entertainment attraction that was unique, and which is now bringing in ample returns for the time spent in training. He took Bou Bou before the owners of a string of vaudeville theatres and had no trouble in getting a contract for his chimpanzee partner.

Just how good Bou Bou is at juggling can be seen by studying the accompanying photograph, and it is only one of a long list of difficult tricks that the animal can do with balls, plates, bottles, billiard cues, silk hats and other paraphernalia of the profession.

Bou Bou feels great pride in his achievements and likes nothing better than to see his face in advertisements and newspaper stories about his clever act.

Bou Bou, the Chimpanzee Performer, Photographed in the Midst of a Juggling Act in a Copenhagen Theatre.

Barber Saves Business by Shaving Legs

E. D. BRIDGEWATER stood at the big window of his barber shop in Hannibal, Missouri. No customer had sat in the soft-cushioned chair for more than an hour. It had been the same the day before, and the day before that. Business was not so good.

Pondering on the limitations of his profession, Mr. Bridgewater suddenly fell upon an idea and presently found himself putting the inspiration in the form of a placard which he lettered with painstaking neatness and put in a conspicuous place in his big window.

The legend of the card was this: "Fashion and the stockingless vogue demand legs to be free from hair. Have them clipped at the following prices: standard, 59 cents; oversize, 75 cents; balloons, $1.

Passerby smiled broadly at Barber Bridgewater's unique advertisement, so humorously phrased, and customers teased him about his unusual sideline. But, many pairs of "standards" soon came in to be clipped. Also several sets of "oversize" legs. And one brave and prodigious set of "balloons." Before long Mr. Bridgewater had about all the customers he could attend to and his till was filled comfortably at the end of each day.

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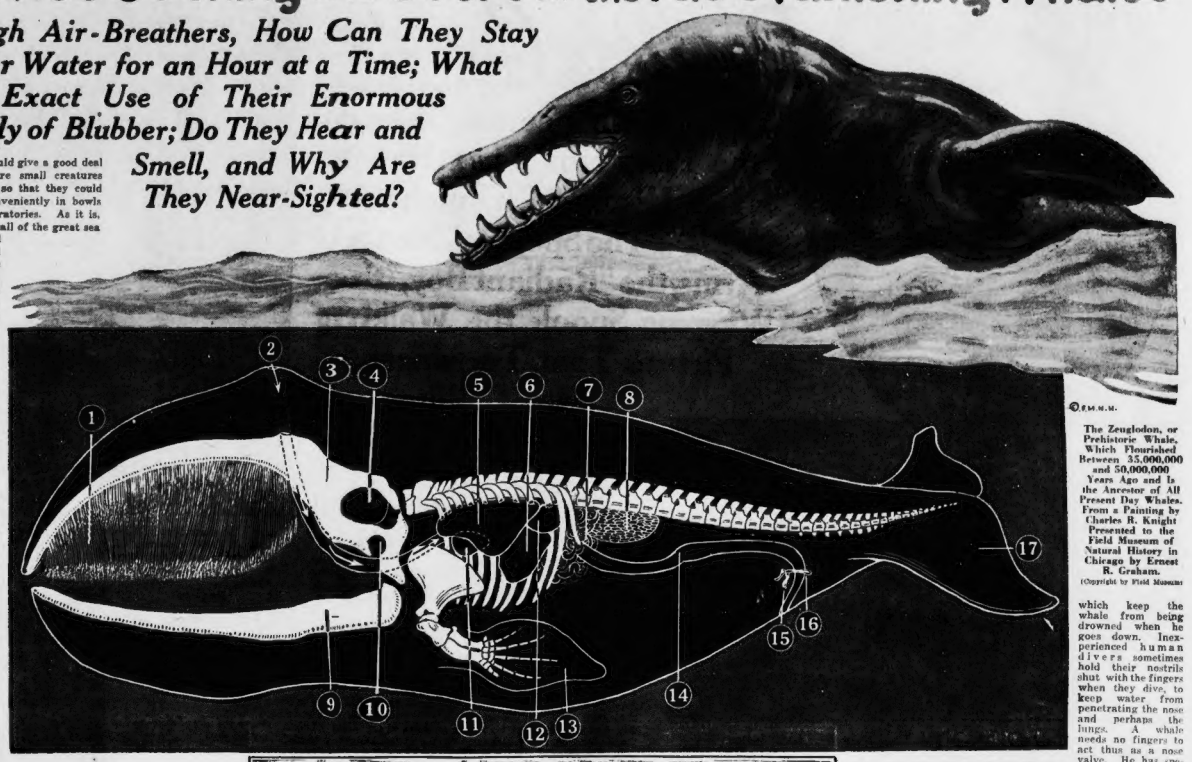
Science Seeking the Secrets of the Fast Vanishing Whales

Although Air-Breathers, How Can They Stay Under Water for an Hour at a Time; What Is the Exact Use of Their Enormous Supply of Blubber; Do They Hear and Smell, and Why Are They Near-Sighted?



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The Zeuglodon, or Prehistoric Whale, Which Flourished Between 35,000,000 and 50,000,000 Years Ago and Is the Ancestor of All Present Day Whales. From a Painting by Charles R. Knight Presented to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago by Ernest R. Graham.
(Copyright by Field Museum)

SCIENTISTS would give a good deal if whales were small creatures like goldfish, so that they could be kept around conveniently in bowls and studied in laboratories. As it is, there is danger that all of the great sea beasts will be killed off for meat or oil before science has learned some important unknown facts about how whales live and act; facts which may be of value, it is believed, to medicine and to knowledge of the workings of the human body as well as to abstract science.

Whales are, for example, the greatest divers in the world. Nobody knows how they manage it, for whales are air-breathers like men. They can take one breath and stay down under water one mile for one hour, and how they do this is only one of the things that science wants to know.

Generations ago the whales were almost exterminated in the northern oceans, where the early American whalers had obtained most of their whale oil for old-fashioned lamps. But some varieties of the animals migrated to the southern oceans, close to the Antarctic Continent, for whales can live in cold water comfortably enough, although their bodies are warm. Now the whalers, especially from Norway and England, have invaded the Antarctic Oceans so actively that the whales are threatened with extinction there.

Last year, in Copenhagen, the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea considered the plight of the whales and brought it to world attention. The report was taken up a few months ago by the League of Nations. Now there has been formed in America a special group of scientific men initiated by the American Society of Mammalogists and comprising leaders of science like Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, the aim of which is to be the preservation of the whales from extinction if that is possible and, in any event, the discovery of all possible scientific facts about whales as quickly as possible, as a precaution against their imminent destruction.

At Johns Hopkins University another group of scientific men, headed by Dr. A. Brazier Howell and Dr. Carl Hartman, have undertaken the active study of the whale's anatomy and physiology. Under the joint auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the United States National Museum, Mrs. Remington Kellogg has been conducting a comparative study of the bodily structure of present and ancient whales, endeavoring, among other things, to solve the ancient mystery of the land animal from which whales are descended.

One uncertainty concerns the whale's blubber, the thick layer of oily fat underneath the skin. Is it the only purpose of this fat blanket to keep the whale warm in frigid water, or does the light-weight fat play its part, too, in helping the whale to rise or sink at will, as is contended by the English whale expert, Mr. Robert W. Grey?

Do whales hear through the tiny ear tubes which some species possess, or do all of them hear through the bones of their heads, like deaf people who can hear by placing a fan between their teeth? Do whales have any sense of smell? Why are their eyes short-sighted?

These and other whale problems may be of enormous importance to science, both theoretical and practical, to theories of evolution, to modern methods of training athletic teams, in reviving people who have been drowned, *in* treating diseases of the type in which the patient becomes chronically *short* of breath.

Although whales look something like gigantic fish, a mere glance at the bones of one of the creatures, as they are displayed, for example, in all the large museums of natural history, is enough to show that *there* is really nothing fish-like about the animal except his shape. The bones are shaped and put together *in* exactly the same plan as the bones of a horse or a monkey or a man. The whale belongs, many other *facts* show also, to this same animal group.

Whale blood is warm. Young whales are born *alive* and are nursed by their mother *just* as are ordinary land animals. There are even traces of fine hair on the whale's skin, showing that once, ages ago, the ancestors of whales were hairy, just as are all typical mammals. Ocean life has served the whales as a depilatory, just as climate or diet or some other condition of life has removed most of the hair from mankind and from a few other mammals, like the Mexican hairless dog.

Dr. Remington Kellogg suspects that the first whales may have been small animals belonging to the same group of very ancient, very primitive insect eaters from which the remote ancestors of monkeys and men are also supposed to have sprung. Some of these ancient, bug-seeking creatures took to the trees in search of luscious grubs. There they learned to eat fruits and seeds and developed, in time, into the monkey tribe. Another branch of the family seems to have preyed on the others and to have become meat eaters. These, it is suspected, became ancestors of modern cats.

Still a third group may have lived in those ancient days along the banks of streams and small arms of the sea. Perhaps there existed then, as there do *now*, insects which *lived* along the edges of *these* streams or *burrowed* into the *mud of the* stream bottoms. A race of the *insect*-eating mammals *has* learned gradually *to* seek these insects *in* the water, as other *creatures* now seek other foods in *similar* surroundings. Thus, the *first ancestors* of the whales, small, *active*, hairy and warm-blooded, may *have* taken the first step of their *evolution* into creatures of the sea.

Clues of their former land life exist in plenty. Some whales still have vestiges of former hind legs, deeply buried in the flesh of the great blubber-covered flank. Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, even discovered, a few years ago, a female whale who had two tiny hind limbs projecting a few inches from her body—an ancestral throw-back like the occasional instances in which human babies are born with small external tails instead of the shrunken bones of the former tail buried in the flesh at the lower end of the spine, which bones all normal human beings possess.

The bones of the whale's flipper still resemble the bones of a man's hand, although the finger bones of the whale have been multiplied by evolution. Sixteen bones in a single whale finger have been reported in one specimen, as compared with the usual mammalian total of three.

One of the Baltimore scientists, Dr. Hartman, has studied the egg of the whale, and finds it, in spite of the animal's gigantic size, no larger than the egg of a human being or that of a mouse.

Ocean life has worked, however, some great changes in the whales. The skull of a whale is the most highly modified example of all mammal skulls. The nostrils have moved, for example, to the extreme tip of the forehead, so that when the whale floats just at the surface of the water these holes are in the air and permit the animal to breathe. Some kinds of whales have lost their teeth, and replaced them by the long, bamboo-like strips called "whalebone." Through these the animal filters the ocean water and catches his food, for the majority of the whales live on very small ocean animals and plants.

The favorite food of one Antarctic species, for example, was found on the last voyage of the Discovery, to be a kind of small shrimp, only about two inches long. Other kinds of whales have held on to their ancestral mammalian teeth, and may be very ferocious enemies. Some of the species are believed to be of help to the fisheries industry by killing and eating millions of octopi, creatures which are great enemies of fish. In the stomach of a single bottle-nose whale, records Dr. W. F. Pycraft, of the British Museum, there were found 10,000 of the horny octopus beaks, once the property of animals of this class, which the whale had eaten.

The whale's eyes show another series of modifications for life in the sea. The tear glands, for example, do not secrete watery tears, for these would be of no use to a water creature. Instead they produce a greasy material which is an admirable salt-water lubricant for the animal's eyelids. The eye is modified, also, to make it able to support the enormous water pressure a mile or more under the ocean, for Mr. Grey insists that whales sometimes dive as deeply as this if wounded or alarmed. A mile deep in the ocean, the water pressure is over a ton on each square inch of the whale's body.

Another adaptation of the whale's eye is to cold, for Dr. Kellogg reports that the chemical composition of the eye fluids has been so modified by evolution that the whale eye will not freeze until the outside temperature is several degrees lower than that necessary to freeze a human eye or that of any ordinary mammal. It is probably some modification of the whale's eye for under-water use which is responsible, also, for the fact that whales are very short-sighted in the air. A whale at the surface probably cannot see an approaching whaler at all clearly.

Still another arrangement for deep diving is the series of contrivances which keep the whale from being drowned when he goes down. Inexperienced human divers sometimes hold their nostrils shut with the fingers when they dive, to keep water from penetrating the nose and perhaps the lungs. A whale needs no fingers to act thus as a nose valve. He has special valves in his nostrils for exactly that purpose. Also, instead of having a free and open communication between the mouth and the windpipe, which is the usual arrangement among land mammals, whales have the nostrils and the mouth separated from each other, so that when the whale is under water the mouth can be opened to take in food without any danger that this high-pressure water will force its way into the lungs.

This ability to keep water out of the lungs is undoubtedly a part of the whale's secret of deep diving and of ability to stay under water for so long a time. Mr. Grey reports a rough measurement of the amount of air held in a whale's lungs. It was about 250 cubic feet. The animal would need hundreds of the "breath testers" sometimes seen in gymnasiums or museums in order to measure only one of his gigantic breaths. But that cannot be quite all of the secret, for whales can stay under water for at least an hour even when wounded and in active movement, probably for twice or three times that long if lying quietly on the bottom. No other mammal can come anywhere near that record in holding its breath.

This is one of the points in which Dr. Howell and Dr. Hartman, of Johns Hopkins University, are especially interested. All the time that the whale is under water carbon dioxide gas must be accumulating in the animal's blood. It is this carbon dioxide in the blood which makes a human being gasp and feel suffocated under similar circumstances. Evidently the whale's blood or some other organ of the animal's body must have a way of dealing with the carbon dioxide difficulty far better than the human body manages it. Were the full physiology of the process known it might prove, the Baltimore scientists believe, very valuable in medicine, in human deep sea diving and in other practical affairs.

Equally practical is the idea of another British whale expert, Dr. S. W. Kemp, who believes that the oceans of the world might be used as gigantic pastures to raise whales for food; the giant sea "cattle" being protected until they reached maturity, or being bred artificially, if necessary, to replenish the herds.

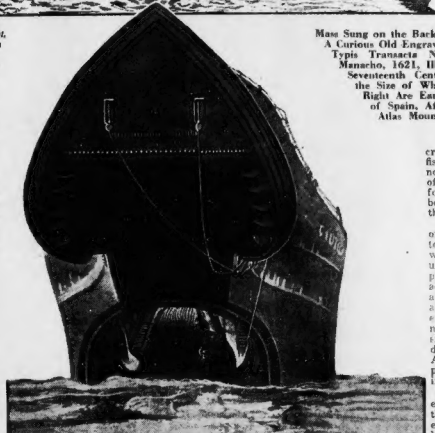
The time that whales need to grow to maturity is another of the mysteries still unsolved, but Dr. Kemp believes that it is not very long. A two-year-old whale of some species, he believes, is almost as large as his father or mother. No creature that has ever lived on earth excelled the modern whale in size and amount of meat. If the tiny plants that live in the surface waters of the sea can be persuaded to grow in sufficient profusion, if the shrimps and other creatures which eat these plantlets can be cultivated i. their turn to form profuse food for the whales, such ocean cattle farms are a distinct possibility.

But if that is to happen the whales must be saved before they have been exterminated, as hunters have altogether exterminated the great auk, the rock pigeon and many other creatures.

The Anatomy of the Right Whale.
1—Whalebone. 2—Blowhole or Nostril. 3—Skull. 4—Brain. 5—Lung. 6—Stomach. 7—Small Intestine. 8—Kidney. 9—Lower Jaw. 10—Eye Socket. 11—Heart. 12—Liver. 13—Flipper (Corresponding to Front Leg in Other Mammals). 14—Large Intestine. 15—Thigh Bone. 16—Hip Bone (Atrophied Bones That Once Supported Hind Legs). 17—The Powerful Tail.

On the Right, A Photograph of the Bow of the Modern Steam Whaler C. A. Larsen, Showing How Whales Are Being Exterminated by Modern Mass Whaling. The Whales, After Being Harpooned, Are Pulled by Winches in Through This Enormous Opening in the Ship.

Mass Sung on the Back of a Whale. A Curious Old Engraving in "Novus Typis Transactis Navigate," by Manacho, 1621, Illustrating the Seventeenth Century Idea of the Size of Whales. At the Right Are Early Day Maps of Spain, Africa and the Atlas Mountains.



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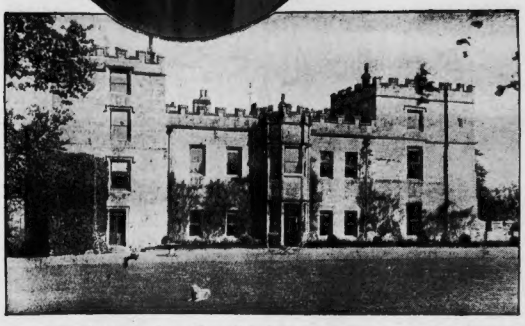
Lady Tankerville's Restless Ghosts

The English Peeress Tells of the Phantoms That Haunt Her Historic Chillingham Castle—The Spectral-Men-at-Arms, the "Radiant Boy," the Weeping Spook, the Walking Picture That Terrorize Her Children

Lady Tankerville, Who Gives a Vivid Account of the Apparitions Which Have Been Seen at Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, England.



A Portrait of Lord Grey, Whose Wife, Lady Mary, Says Lady Tankerville, Still Haunts the Stairway of Chillingham Castle, Weeping Over the Wickedness of Her Husband. —And Below— Chillingham Castle, Where So Many Restless "Ghosts" Are Said to Find Their Home.

The Spectre of the "Radiant Boy" As Described by Lady Tankerville.

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, in Northumberland, is the family seat of Lord and Lady Tankerville and has long been famous for its legends and apparitions. It is one of the oldest habitable castles in England, and its history is more or less interwoven with English history since the fourteenth century.

Here Lady Tankerville writes interestingly about her first-hand experiences with some of the "phantoms" and curious occurrences in the castle.

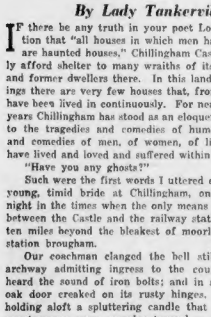
By Lady Tankerville.

IF there be any truth in your poet Longfellow's contention that "all houses in which men have lived and died are haunted houses," Chillingham Castle should certainly afford shelter to many wraiths of its departed owners and former dwellers there. In this land of ancient dwellings there are very few houses that, from so early a date, have been lived in continuously. For nearly eight hundred years Chillingham has stood as an eloquent witness in stone to the tragedies and comedies of human life—tragedies and comedies of men, of women, of little children, who have lived and loved and suffered within its walls.

"Have you any ghosts?"

Such were the first words I uttered on my arrival as a young, timid bride at Chillingham, one dark November night in the times when the only means of communication between the Castle and the railway station, situated some ten miles beyond the bleakest of moorlands, was the old station brougham.

Our coachman clanged the bell still hanging in the archway admitting ingress to the courtyard. Soon we heard the sound of iron bolts; and in a moment a great oak door creaked on its rusty hinges. An old retainer, holding aloft a spluttering candle that he might see our countenances, came creeping toward us as though he, himself, were a spectre out of some grim mediaeval drama.



The Ghostly Men-at-Arms, Who Were Chased by Lord Tankerville's Dog Betty.

We ascended the tower stairs in silence. The dark, damp night seemed to close in around us. One was given the suggestion of being led rather to the Castle's dungeons than to its drawing-rooms.

"Have you any ghosts?" I asked on being escorted through the cloisters.

"We don't allow them," came the astonishing reply from one of the older generation standing by. Any suggestion of ghosts was to be sternly discouraged, I realized on this first visit to Chillingham. It was considered the part of wisdom to forestall either the young guest who might play pranks, or the household whose duties might be interrupted by such vain imaginings.

Yet, in the Audit Room, where I slept that night, I had several visits from a weird old lady who, having entered my room with a candlestick in her hand, stood by the bed-curtains and peered into my face with curiosity, evidently wondering what sort of successor I might be to the brides who, in days gone-by, had been brought to the family home. This old dame seemed to stand in sharp antithesis to the pensive monks who have been seen walking outside between the yew hedges, telling their beads and heeding no one.

It is said that an underground passage still leads where the monks walked between the present Castle and a much older fortified keep, of which few traces now remain.

It was close to this place just before the great war that I saw a spectre pageant enacted in Tudor costume. There was a gale blowing at the time, which sounded in the wide old chimney like the distant boom of artillery fire. As I looked out the clouds assumed an angry aspect.

Then suddenly a woman seemed to arise before me on the parapet of a tower as solid as that in which I sat. She was wearing the habit of a Dominican abbess, and as I watched her she turned her eyes sorrowfully toward the Cheviot Hills, and the next moment knelt down beside the battlements as if in prayer.

A handsome, richly dressed man stood erect by the side of the Dominican abbess, and he also was scanning the horizon in the direction of the enemy country. Behind were two other men, wearing the velvet court dress of the Henry VIII period, who were apparently engaged in quiet conversation. Stranger still, on the further parapet in the background a halbadier walked up and down as if on sentry duty.

A housemaid came in to close the shutters, and quite naturally asked questions. By now I thought that the Dominican abbess would have disappeared. But no; I saw another woman bring the abbess an ermine cape, and the man's rich dress was covered by a fur coat. There was a tense atmosphere of impending danger. I spoke to them twice, and asked if I could be of any service. The man, who was walking back and forth, stopped and looked at me. It was the face of my husband, but wearing the garb of France four centuries ago.

But who was the abbess? I reflected. Was that myself? And why the anxiety? What did all this forbode? A few days later we knew. For the great war had started, and we had received official directions from London in case of an invasion.

In some cases we find records of the past more solid and tangible, as, for instance, human bones that you can see and handle. In my own bedroom, not so long ago, some stones fell accidentally from the wall, and there, in the thickness, stood revealed two gruesome skeletons, where the fireplace now is is bones of a man and child.

Close by is the trap-door at opens to the stone arches of a vaults underneath. And I have en wondered who they were—perhaps some awkward neighbor and heir, or some enemy caught in a border raid.

Previous to this discov other bones were found when s of the lower walled-up dungeons w opened. This time the workmen fled dismay from a seated figure of a m whose shape was so wonderfully perved that, like the Etruscan remains often found in Ita the first impression was that of a living being, but whichsickly dissolved to dust when the air rushed in.

But the most famous apition here was called "The Radiant Boy," which used to be seen in what is now known as the Pink Room. There, when from the Clock Tower the hour of midnight sounded, we heard the cries and moans of a child in pain and in agony of fear. Always the noises came from a spot nearst to a passage cut through the ten-foot thick wall into the adjoining tower; and as the pitiful cries died away lowly a bright halo of light began to form close to the old four-poster bed.

Anyone sleeping there as, gently approaching them, the figure of a boy dressed a blue and surrounded by the light. It was in the adjoing tower that the bones of a boy of tender years and son fragments of a blue dress were later discovered. These poor remains were reverently removed and decently interred in consecrated ground.

The Room in Chillingham Castle Showing the Bed Beside Which the "Radiant Boy" Appeared.

Another authenticated ghost is that of Lady Mary Berkeley, wife of Lord Grey of Wark and Chillingham and Earl of Tankerville, who looks for her arrant husband.

Lord Grey ran away with his wife's sister, Lady Henrietta, and spent a hectic time in Holland. The affair caused a great scandal and led to a lawsuit tried before the famous Judge Jeffreys in the reign of Charles II. It was a heartless deception, and the good lady was left in her dark and lonely castle, her only companion being a fatherless baby girl. And to this day the rustle of her silk dress is sometimes heard along the corridors and stairs, and as the disappointed and anxious wraith passes by a chill as of cold air goes through you.

An equally interesting and remarkable episode happened in connection with a family portrait, which was said to walk. Not only had our own nursery been disturbed by the restlessness of the picture, but the children of friends and their nurses declared that the lady stepped out of her frame and frightened them by following them about.

When, soon after, a well-known psychologist came to Chillingham Castle as a guest, my husband told him this story, and he asked to be taken there when everybody had gone to bed.

Late that night they went over to where the picture used to hang, and he sat for a couple of hours waiting for her ladyship to appear, Lord Tankerville being in the next room. As he came out the psychologist was asked if he had seen anything. "Nothing malefic," was his reply, and that seemed final. But the following morning he paused before an oil painting and exclaimed, "That is the woman I saw last night." This puzzled my husband, and he replied, "It is not the one who is said to walk."

"Well," remarked the guest, "that is the one I saw." Later in the day my husband spoke of it to his old nurse, who is still with us, and she as once explained, "Oh, m' lord, don't you know? That is a portrait of the same lady, only done when she was much older."

In what is called the inner pantry there has been seen a frail figure in white. This is where the silver in use was stored during my father-in-law's lifetime, and a footman had to sleep there to guard it.

One night he had turned in when he was accosted by a lady in white, very pale, who asked him for a glass of water. Thinking for the moment that it was one of the visitors, he moved away to obey her behest, when he suddenly remembered he was locked in and no visitor could possibly have entered. On turning round he found that the figure had vanished. Now this same figure was seen by a guest who made notes of her psychic experiences in the various rooms in the Castle without anything having been told her beforehand.

I was astonished to find that she also alluded to the craving for water of this woman ghost, who must have been poisoned in the olden times.

My children have frequently spoken of an apartment on the north side of the Castle as having in it "a black thing." There has also been seen a "gray man" in the Parapet Room, who picks up a child and throws it into the corridor through the closed door—so the terrified little occupants assured us—and we did not allow the children to sleep there again.

It is from the Parapet Room that the voices so frequently heard in the library underneath seem to begin.

There are spectral men-at-arms who make the rounds of the castle. Sometimes persons see them and sometimes they are only heard. Lord Tankerville's little dog Betty saw these men-at-arms on one occasion and followed them, barking furiously. Lord Tankerville was present and saw her.

It may interest you to hear that it was in the company of a so-called ghost that I saw Chillingham Castle for the first time. I happened to be out of Europe, but, nevertheless, when walking alone one morning I seemed to find myself there, going through the West Lodge entrance and along the avenue at Chillingham.

It was only a matter of a few months before that I had made the acquaintance of my future husband, and had no expectation of ever seeing him again. I knew nothing of his home, nor had I seen any photographs. Finding myself there I was full of curiosity, and observed a good many details of the Castle.

While thus musing, a young man came forward and, introducing himself as Lord Bennet's brother —my husband's name at that time —said: "I have come to walk with you until George is ready." We turned back and went toward the park, where my husband joined us, and his brother disappeared.

The Apparition of the Cruel "Gray Man" Which So Terrorized Lady Tankerville's Children.

Now, as a matter of fact, this brother had died two years before, and I had no difficulty in recognizing his photograph. He appeared not to be satisfied to leave the old home without knowing of the fulfillment of his longing to see the surviving brother married and settled. But I have never seen him again.

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Cruelly Awakened From Her "Cinderella" Dream

After Winning the International Beauty Prize at Galveston, "Miss Universe of 1929" Goes Home to Her Backers With the Disheartening News That Beauty Contest Winners Are Now a Drug on the American Market

Miss Goldarbeiter, Crowned as "Miss Universe of 1929," Was Picked from Pretty Girls All Over the World at the Galveston Contest.

Miss Goldarbeiter Back Home With Papa and Mama—and Mama Seems Pleased to See Daughter Home Again, but Papa Looks as Though He Was Ready to Ask a Lot of Questions.

Elsie Goldarbeiter, "Miss Universe of 1929," as She Appeared Before the Judges in the Galveston International Beauty Contest.

WHEN Bishop C. E. Byrne, of Galveston, Texas, tried single-handed to stop the annual beauty contest in his city this year, saying that no good would come of it, he failed, but, nevertheless, proved himself a first-class prophet.

No good did come—but only grief—to any of the contestants who had traveled from far overseas with hopes of fame and wealth. All are sadder and much wiser young women and their friends and relatives who put up the money are much poorer. In several countries they are still sadly trying to figure it out.

Even the champion of champions, Miss Elsie Goldarbeiter, who came as "Miss Austria" and was crowned at Galveston "Miss Universe of 1929," meaning, in the humble opinion of the judges, that she was not only the most beautiful woman in the world, but all creation, couldn't get Hollywood to so much as answer her telegrams.

"What of it?" remarked the vice-president in charge of productions at one of the biggest studios, as he dropped "Miss Universe's" telegram into the waste-basket.

"I hope this is the end of that beauty contest racket," he added, "and that the poor girls will learn that it doesn't mean a thing any more to win one of those games. If a group of judges votes a girl the most beautiful in the world, it doesn't mean that they are right. Even if they are, it does not mean that she will screen well. And if she screens, it does not mean that she has personality or can act or has a decent voice. Those judges might just as well try to nominate the next champion prizefighter by the size of his shoulders."

Every one of the disillusioned beauties who have returned mournfully to the various corners of the earth, heard Bishop Byrne's warning in plenty of time.

Three of them heeded, unpacked their trunks and now are glad. These heeders were "Miss Ireland," "Miss Poland" and Miss Elizabeth Simon, who dropped them all with the title of "Miss Europe" and incidentally had been first choice "Miss Austria." Miss Simon has special cause to rejoice, for while Miss Goldarbeiter was going broke in America in spite of her resounding but empty title, the wise little stay-at-home married a banker. Some of the beauty experts complained that Miss Simon's forehead was a little too high for the perfect feminine ideal. Results seem to prove that a high brow really does indicate intelligence.

The other girls, however, thought that the bishop might perhaps be right as far as some moral risk existing, but they were willing to take a chance on that for the sake of the financial returns, such as a $6,000 a week salary in the movies. They feared that the bishop's unworldly mind had not given that matter of money due consideration.

But they were mistaken. He was worldly enough to know what had happened to some very beautiful members of his diocese, who had gone to Hollywood. He knew that it was full of stranded beauties glad to support themselves by pushing vacuum cleaners, and of astonishingly handsome chauffeurs and plasterers glad to work at less than union wages. The bishop also hoped that this would be the last of the beauty contest rackets. He did not call it a racket, but "an uncouth, vulgar display for the purpose of advertising."

In the heat of the discussion, Bishop Byrne mentioned that a "Miss Mexico" had reddened her eyes with weeping when she learned that she must stand before leering crowds, clad only in the scantiest of bathing suits. Those reddened eyes may have been what kept her from winning, but there was even worse trouble ahead.

Returning to Mexico, she married General Moises de Vidal, a very excellent match, as it seemed until the other day, when she learned that another wife was bringing bigamy charges against him. Then the unfortunate beauty emptied her husband's army pistol into him, and when he was dead tried to kill herself. But there were not any cartridges left, so she is in prison on murder charges.

Poor "Miss Universe of 1929!" The honest folks at home in Austria, who had scraped together the funds to groom and send her to the various preliminary competitions that finally gave her the chance to compete at Galveston, had read that she had triumphed over all others. Impatiently they waited for word of big contracts, which would be followed by money orders reimbursing them all and a nice profit. They already counted themselves relatives of a very rich woman.

Instead, there was ominous silence, and finally a request for more money. With this came an explanation that her slender resources had been spent on telegrams and letters.

By this time "Miss Universe" was resigned to the incredible fact that Hollywood had no use for the most beautiful woman in creation. She could not believe that they would not even pay her fare one way to have a look at her. The truth is, they had already looked at her in the only way that counts—through the lens of a camera. They had seen her in the news reels, admitted that she was very lovely, but what of it? Beauty is becoming tiresome in pictures; almost like music on the radio.

Still, the screen was not everything. There was the "Follies." She gave that institution a chance, and all the other leading revues and musical productions but one, and all showed the same indifference. Even Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book," which had employed Dorothy Britton, a former "Miss Universe," and had signed up Miss Ahlberg of this Summer's crop, winner of the lesser title of "Miss United States," could not be bothered. As a last hope she tried vaudeville, and found that equally cold.

"Miss Mexico," Who Competed at Galveston With Miss Goldarbeiter for the "Miss Universe" Title and Who Has Just Added to the Record of Unfortunate Beauty Contest Winners by Killing, in Mexico City, the Distinguished General Who Married Her, Without Telling Her He Had Another Wife.

Miss Elizabeth Simon, Who Was Selected Abroad as "Miss Europe" to Represent Europe at the Galveston Contest, but Who Wisely Stayed Home and Married a Rich French Banker.

For some reason beyond understanding, the stunned and heart-broken world's champion beauty could not even sell her picture to advertise a face powder or lipstick, though one beautifying cream concern offered her $20 a day as a demonstrator, if she made good.

"If she made good!" That broke the heart of "Miss Universe." She cabled for some more money and went straight back to Austria without having picked up a single dollar in the land where they are supposed to be lying around in the streets.

Down at Galveston, ten beautiful young ladies, presumably the cream of the world, shared in the honors last June, and not one of them has crashed the gates of Hollywood. In the past, many picture stars got their start through a beauty contest, but today a contest winner landing in Hollywood is cautioned not to admit it to anyone if she wants a studio job.

Beauty is still an asset, but a diminishing one, and the time when it was enough, all by itself, is gone forever. The reason is that the screen has developed from a curiosity, a nickel show, to a completely rounded dramatic and musical performance, demanding as much and more than anything on the legitimate stage.

In the first moving pictures the important thing was that they moved, therefore fire engines and railroad trains were starred. Then came little crude playlets, in which the actors were ordered to keep moving or be fired. As much as possible everybody kept on the run. When something, like using the telephone, forced an actor to stop a moment he was supposed to dance up and down and keep his free hand waving. The first attempts at telling a serious story on the screen put an end to that St. Vitus dance era, and the public began to take an interest in the actors themselves.

This ushered in the era of handsome men and women. At first they had only to be handsome, then to be handsome and act a little, and now they must be a little handsome and act a lot. In the next and final stage on which the screen is now entering it should be possible for the greatest female star to be as homely as Sarah Bernhardt or Galli Curci, provided she has talent. The beautiful but often dumb candidate offered by the beauty contest judges is obsolete, extinct.

That lovely woman, unemployed and unattached, can become a pest and nuisance is evident from the formal statement issued by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, requesting the lovely creatures to please go somewhere else. Will Hays' organization uttered a similar plea, and the Los Angeles charitable societies cry out bitterly that their task of feeding armies of starving beauties is more than they can handle.

It has been somewhat facetiously prophesied that unless something is done to stop Hollywood from draining the world of all its handsome men as well as women the Pacific Coast in a few generations will be populated exclusively by Venuses and Apollos, while the rest of the world will be mostly lobsters. This might come true if the beauties of both sexes wed and multiplied. But to multiply much one must eat.

And it still holds true that it is hard to eat without a job.

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Rebuilding the Greek Parthenon From its Broken Pieces

The Greek Government Makes a New Appropriation Towards the Complete Reconstruction of the World's Most Famous and Beautiful Temple Blown Up by Barbarous Turkish Gun-powder

One of the Beautiful Sculptured Slabs From the Side of the Parthenon, Now in London, Part of Lord Elgin's Loot, Which May Be Returned in Complete the Reconstruction of the Temple Actually in Progress.

Another of the Sculptures From the Parthenon, Now in the British Museum, Showing an Incident of the Legendary Battle of the Centaurs With the Lapithae.

Linked with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line.
—Byron.

IN these scathing lines Byron coupled Lord Elgin, who took the marbles of the Parthenon from Greece, and Eratostratus, who burnt the magnificent Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

But now the Parthenon is being admirably restored, and it is even possible, as a result of the great poet's burning words taking effect after a hundred years, that the sculptured ornaments carried off by Lord Elgin may be returned. The cables have announced that the Greek Government has just voted a new appropriation for the restoration, and it is estimated that the work will be completed in five years.

Then the exquisite temple will look in its main architectural features substantially as it did in the days of Pericles, Socrates, Alcibiades, Plato, Phidias and other famous Greeks who prayed or reposed in its hallowed shades.

The chief thing lacking when this restoration is completed will be the beautiful sculptures from the friezes and pediments, taken away by Lord Elgin and now exhibited in the British Museum.

But several important Greek statesmen have appealed to the British Government to return the sculptures as a matter of international good will and morality. When they were carried away there was a strong probability that the Turks who were in control would destroy them, and widely they are revered by a progressive Greece as the greatest treasure of their race.

Many English scholars have supported the proposal to return the Elgin marbles on various grounds. It is said that they are undergoing steady deterioration in the atmosphere of London, loaded with soot, sulphuric acid and moisture, a combination very destructive to marble. The pressure for their return is steadily growing stronger.

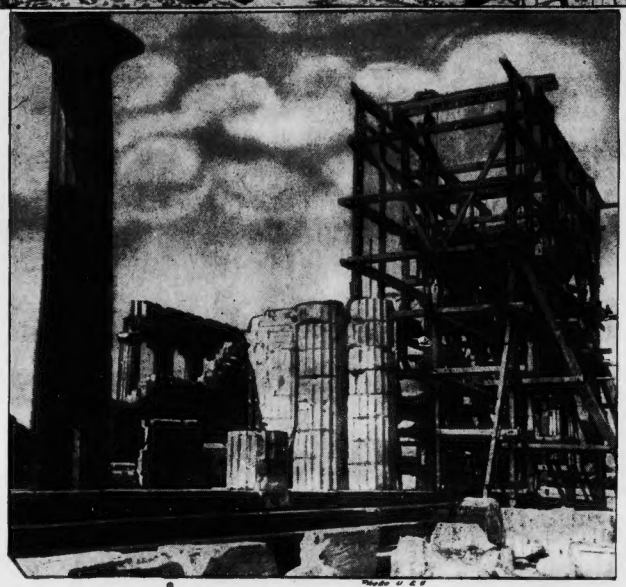
The present restoration consists mainly in replacing the great fallen columns blown down in 1687 and reinforcing those in danger of falling, strengthening the foundations and repairing the architrave. Of the thirty-six columns, eight were more or less destroyed on the north side and six completely destroyed on the south side. Eight of the columns are now being placed in position. These had been blown to many fragments and it was necessary to sort out all the pieces, experimenting with one piece perhaps a hundred times before its proper place could be found.

Concrete was poured into the old foundations to give a dependable base to the columns. Where the sections of the columns were too worn to fit together firmly, lead was poured in to build them up. Where considerable fragments of whole sections were missing new stone was inserted. The labor involved was immense and required exquisite delicacy of taste and handling. The work has been done under the direction of a Greek expert, Professor Balanos. While aiming to make the Parthenon a substantial building that can be entered safely by visitors and will not undergo further deterioration, he has scrupulously respected the beautiful worn appearance of its valuable stones—their patina.

Some foreign architects and artists have criticized the work, but it is regarded with patriotic enthusiasm by nearly all Greeks. The sums voted by the Government have not been large, but they have produced twice the results they could have done under foreign direction, as the workmen feel they are working for Greece.

There are a considerable number of Greeks who desire to carry the restoration further than is planned at present and replace the roof, all the decorations and even the coloring, making it look, in fact, somewhat like the remarkable reproduction of the Parthenon, with all its colors, at Nashville, Tenn. They would like to replace the famous colossal Chryselephantine statue of Minerva, which was worshipped in the sanctuary and has been lost for ages. They believe the present undertaking would serve as a basis for such a complete reconstruction.

The Glorious Parthenon at Athens, the Work of the Immortal Phidias, in the State of Ruin in Which It Stood Until Recently, When It Was in Danger of Falling Down Completely.



Showing How the Present Work of Restoration Is Carried Out on the North Side of the Parthenon, Where the Replacement of Eight Fallen Columns and the Architrave Is Nearly Completed.

The restoration now going on is described with warm approval by Stanley Casson, the distinguished Oxford University archaeologist, who has carried out the excavation of the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

"Proposals to restore the Parthenon are not new," says Mr. Casson. "A controversy of the most acute kind raged in France in 1905 when an extensive restoration was planned. Opposition was for the most part sentimental. The Parthenon should be left, said opponents of the scheme, in the state in which it has been for it is a magnificent ruin and should be left as such.

"The bulk of the damage to the Parthenon was caused in 1687 when Athens was besieged by the Venetians under Morosini. On that occasion the majority of the columns on the north and south sides of the building were blown outward by the explosion of the powder which the Turkish defenders had stored in the cellar (interior) of the temple. The drums of most of these columns lay under the Acropolis until recently, though the greater part of the architrave which they supported is in fragments and the roof has almost completely vanished."

The general plan of the restoration is in the hands of M. Balanos. The work for the first year comprised only the re-erection in their original position of three columns on the north side, namely, the seventh, eighth and ninth (counting from the west end). The component parts of these three columns were for the most part in existence, and the bulk of the architrave which they support is extant. A few column drums were so badly cracked by their fall as to be unsuitable for incorporation and were replaced by drums of gray limestone.

Damaged edges of other drums were patched with the same gray stone. The remainder of this row of columns was completed in the following year. This re-erection involved the rebuilding of five more columns only, since the three columns at the east end (the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth) were not only intact but the best preserved in every way in the building. Eight columns in all are to be restored under this program.

The difficulty of dealing with these columns was increased by the fact that one of them (the ninth) was itself a re-erection, carried out in the middle of the last century. But it was re-erected in a clumsy manner and had to be pulled down and put up again before it was strong enough to support the architrave which will ultimately be placed upon it. Of the remaining five, two (the eleventh and twelfth) stood to a height of seven and eight drums respectively while the others had fallen completely except for the basal drum.

Of the architrave and supports of the frieze enough remains to restore the complete alignment, though fragments only of the cornice are extant.

The operations on the north side are nearly completed, and the result is so generally admired that the Greek Government expects to order the continuation of the restoration on the south side.

The temple as so restored will show its colonnade on three of its four sides with a total of thirty-one columns standing. The south side is the principal part that remains to be dealt with. Of the total of fifteen columns on this side a larger number has suffered serious damage than on the north side. The force of the explosion seems to have blown more columns down and, in addition, to have done so with more force, so that the centre drums are more damaged than on the north side.

"In the early days of Greek independence," continues Mr. Casson, explaining the great merits of the restoration, "when Athens was still a Turkish town in appearance, the Acropolis was covered with a mass of Turkish houses, bastions and walls. These were removed shortly after 1835 by the influence and agency of a group of European archaeologists and architects, and the general appearance of the citadel was by a process of clearance restored as far as possible to the appearance which it bore in the time of Pericles. The Parthenon was disengaged from its later accretions of Byzantine and Turkish date. The Erechtheum was cleared of the vast mass of surrounding and superincumbent Turkish domestic architecture and the Propylaea was cleared of the defensive walls and bastions, in which it was enmeshed. The little temple of Athena Nike, or 'Wingless Victory,' which had been pulled down in 1686 by the Turks and made into a defensive tower was, shortly after 1835, rebuilt from its fragments.

"To say, therefore, that by restoring the Parthenon we are destroying the appearance of the Acropolis as it has been known to travellers and scholars for centuries is incorrect. The present state of the Acropolis dates only from 1835, while the Parthenon as we see it today is in a condition which has lasted only since 1687, for it was then that the side columns were blown out.

"Several buildings have already been restored on the Acropolis itself and at other Greek sites. The most notable instances are the Propylaea, the Erechtheum and the Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi.

"Large additions have in the same way been made to the Erechtheum. Drums of the columns in the north porch are of new marble and the whole building is full of patches of new work. Yet the restorations are now sufficiently weathered for the white Pentelic marble to have taken on to a large extent the delicate oxidization or patina which is one of the qualities of Pentelic marble; and the additions, in consequence, are not glaringly obvious. The inner Caryatid on the east side of the Caryatid porch is entirely new, the work of a German architect, Imhof, and yet it does not obtrude itself unduly on the eye.

"The Treasury of the Athenians at Delphi is one of the triumphs of the art of restoration.

"In view of these examples of re-erection and restoration it seems difficult to contend seriously that the same process, when applied to the Parthenon, would ruin its appearance."

The famous Lord Elgin had been Ambassador at Constantinople before Waterloo and saw the possibilities of recovering some of the treasures of ancient Greek art which were being ground up for mortar and destroyed in various ways. He obtained an authorization from the Sultan to carry away loose stones lying on the Acropolis.

An old story relates that his canny lordship tugged at the sculptured prizes of the Parthenon until he found them a bit loose and then called for laborers to help him pry them out. In this way he secured the principal decorations of the Parthenon, of the Propylaea, or gateway to the Acropolis, and of the Shrine of the Wingless Victory.

It was a personal enterprise on Lord Elgin's part, undertaken with the object of enriching England's art treasures. He seriously crippled his own property by the enterprise. While removing them to England they were sunk and with admirable tenacity he fished them up from the bottom of the sea.

He had intended to give them to the nation, but he had spent so much money he was obliged to ask for reimbursement. During this period he was overwhelmed with sarcastic attacks in poetry and prose by Byron, who later gave his life for Greece, and by others. Eventually the Parliament bought the marbles for $175,000 and they have stood in the British Museum for seventy-four years.

From time to time idealistic Englishmen have advocated returning the marbles. Frederic Harrison wrote:

"We English have wrenched off and hold the essential parts of a great national building which, like Oedipus at Colossus, holds up to view the hollow orbs out of which we took the very eyes of Phidias.

"What would be the feelings of an Englishman if he saw Westminster Abbey gutted and knew that the tombs of the kings had been carried off during an enemy occupation by an amateur from a neutral country with a fine taste for antiques?"

So the Greeks will continue to work for the perfect restoration of their Parthenon.

The Remarkable Complete Reconstruction of the Parthenon, With All Its Sculptures and Coloring, at Nashville, Tenn. Some Greeks Would Like the Restoration of the Original Building Carried Out With the Same Completeness, but the Proposal Excites Criticism From Artists.

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More Complicated Than Any French Divorce Farce

But $3,000,000 at Last Settles "Gelatin King" Woodward's Matrimonial War Which Was Fought in Three Countries and Involved a Turkish Princess, an Egyptian Prince, a Paris "Gigolo," a Russian Dancer, With a "Kidnaping" Side Show

The Woodward Children, Orator Francis, Jr., and Ruth, Who Were Split Fifty-Fifty Between the Parents, the Mother Keeping the Daughter. This Photograph Was Taken at a Valentine Party in Florida.

Princess Fatima Ala, of the Turkish Nobility, Who Figured Prominently in the Woodwards' Abandoned Paris Divorce Proceedings and Whose Noble Husband Did Not Object to Her Being Named as Too Friendly to Mr. Woodward, but Took the Matter to the Courts When Her Title Was Questioned.

Mrs. Persis Davis Woodward, Whose Mexican Divorce Cost Mr. Woodward More Than $3,000,000.

Orator Francis Woodward, the "Gelatin King," Who Had Such a Hard Time Getting a Divorce.
——And Above——
The Chateau Caucasien, in the Montmartre Section of Paris, Where Princess Fatima Was a Hostess When She Met Mr. Woodward.

Mrs. Mary Davis, Mrs. Woodward's Mother, Who Waited Vainly at the Gangplank.

FOR three years Mr. Orator Francis Woodward, known as the "gelatin king," tried every recipe he knew to get a divorce from Mrs. Woodward.

He had expensive divorce proceedings cooking in Paris and another set at Nyack, N. Y. He kept lawyers, detectives and witnesses from nine different nations on his payroll, while his wife also had divorce suits going at his expense, but somehow none of the divorces would "jell," until the other day in desperation he poured in three million dollars more and finally got one in Mexico.

It seemed so easy and simple, three years ago, for Mr. Woodward, whose fortune was then estimated at various figures from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000, to get a divorce. Mrs. Woodward wanted her freedom as much as he did. In fact, she had started to divorce him in Massachusetts in 1920, and been on the edge of doing it most every day since. So the multi-millionaire thought the only problem was how much alimony she would want. But when that had been settled there was just one more little thing.

The simplest, quickest way would be to give the wife the statutory evidence right in New York by letting her raid his room in a New York hotel and find him there with a woman. But Mrs. Woodward does not seem to have quite liked that. It is said that she had too much pride to allow the use of a professional corespondent, who for $50 would allow herself to be "caught" with her husband.

However, Mr. Woodward fixed up something for her that would meet this objection. A duchess or princess as corespondent would read even better in the papers than a society woman, and in Europe are plenty of noble but needy ladies glad to do most anything within reason for a little American gold. So Mr. and Mrs. Woodward and their two little children sailed for Paris, where the husband started shopping around for some titled lady who would act as co-respondent.

He soon found just the thing, Princess Fatima Ala, working as hostess at the Chateau Caucasien, a Montmartre night club. Her Highness Fatima was a sure-enough Turkish princess in her own right, and, besides, was married to an Egyptian prince who was whiling away his days on the Riviera.

It was not long before Mrs. Woodward, accompanied by detectives and plenty of witnesses, descended on a small Montmartre hotel, only a stone's throw from the night club, and found the Princess of Turkey and the "King of Gelatin" together. Everybody was pleasant and polite, and Mr. Woodward thought nothing remained but the mere formality of his wife's lawyers presenting her "evidence" to the court. But now that she "had the goods on him," Mrs. Woodward got to thinking that she had not asked for enough alimony and proceeded to correct the mistake.

It would have been cheaper for the husband to have given her most anything she asked, but instead he became angry and insisted on sticking to the original bargain. In the argument that followed, Mrs. Woodward stated that she did not think either Fatima or her husband were real nobility, and when the French papers printed that there was trouble.

The noble Egyptian husband resting in his Italian villa had never said a cross word at his wife's being named in a divorce suit, but to have their titles questioned was an insult. He brought suit for slander against Mrs. Woodward, and the Princess Fatima joined him. The gelatin manufacturer now announced that the raid had been a frame-up, but Mrs. Woodward vowed that it was the real thing, and that she had crashed in on a burning romance.

As nobody can ever tell what a court will believe, Mr. Woodward set a small army of detectives to watch his wife's behavior. Mrs. Woodward retaliated by hiring twice as many to spy on her spouse.

Tired of being dogged by detectives, whose salaries and expenses he knew he was paying, Mr. Woodward made a strategic retreat to the U. S. A., where he established legal residence in Nyack, N. Y., and quietly began another divorce action. In his petition he accused his wife of misconduct in France with three men—Grischa Djenaeff, described as a dancer; Andrea Drear, or Feissdrear, labelled "gigolo," which means a young man who can be hired by the day, week or month to pay attention to any woman willing to pay for attention. The third gentleman bore the mouth-filling name of Wlasyivanoff. Undoubtedly he had a first name, but Woodward's detectives, having spelled it out once, called him a Russian and let it go at that.

Mrs. Woodward was accused of misconduct with Djenaeff on numerous occasions between September 15 and November 12, 1927, at the Hotel Leon in Paris. During December of 1927 and in the early stages of 1928 she was said to have shifted to the gigolo, the scene being the Olympic Hotel at Beausoliel, on the Riviera. Her relations with the Russian were not detailed, perhaps to avoid spelling his name.

Mrs. Woodward, who was in Paris fighting the divorce war on that front and overseeing the education of their two children, Orator Francis, Jr., aged 10, and Ruth, 12, first learned of her husband's new divorce suit against her the day the youngsters were "kidnaped" by their father in Paris. Having started the legal machinery going in New York Mr. Woodward rushed back to Paris. As the two children were about to enter their private school one morning, Woodward suddenly appeared in the conventional "high-powered motor," seized them and hurried them into the car. Emory Foster, head-master of the school, hearing the commotion on the street, rushed out and tried to frustrate the "kidnaping" by hanging to the open window of the limousine, and, some way or other, both his wrists were cut in the momentary struggle before the car shot away. He promptly sued Mr. Woodward for appropriate damages. This suit, as well as the several Mr. and Mrs. Fatima actions and threatened actions, was among those Orator Francis had to settle before Mrs. Woodward would agree to accept her $3,000,000 Mexican divorce.

However, under French law, the father has absolute custody of his own children until a divorce is actually granted. So the "kidnaping," as it would have been headlined in every newspaper had it occurred in America, didn't worry the French authorities a particle.

Mr. Woodward, with his two children, promptly sailed for New York but the outwitted mother kept the cables humming with the result that the steamer was met by Mrs. Davis, his outraged mother-in-law, flanked by lawyers, detectives, court officers with writes to serve, reporters and photographers. For two hours the mother-in-law and her welcoming committee watched the gangplank like dogs at a woodchuck hole. Meanwhile the reporters went aboard and learned that Mr. Woodward, seeing Mrs. Davis' hostile countenance, had taken the children and escaped down the crew's gangplank. They found in his stateroom a card saying:

"To all reporters, greetings. We have enjoyed the Ile de France and had a nice trip. I have nothing further to say."

But Mother-in-law Davis had a lot to say. She chased him up to Nyack and brought the trio into court on habeas corpus proceedings in which she introduced a 16-page document, showing why, in her opinion, Papa Woodward ought not to have the children another minute. According to this, Mr. Woodward had beaten his wife in most of the principal hotels of Europe and America, to say nothing of "gross and confirmed habits of intoxication caused by voluntary and excessive use of liquors."

The name of the Princess Fatima bobbed up again and Mrs. Davis took occasion to say that she was nothing but the daughter of a French rug peddler. The court could not see that Fatima's ancestry was of much importance but it was, because as soon as Mrs. Davis' assertion reached Europe, the Princess and her husband started two new slander suits, which like all the other happenings had to be paid for in the end by Mr. Woodward.

To offset the dreadful things his mother-in-law had said and which he knew would be repeated in the Nyack divorce suit, Mr. Woodward cabled his detectives in Paris to ship him over plenty of witnesses to his wife's alleged carryings on with the dancer, the "gigolo" and the Russian. The sleuths cabled back that they were prepared to ship five fine witnesses, but that it would be a little expensive.

Mr. Woodward cabled a staggering sum and was informed that his witnesses were on their way. The expensive, imported stock consisted of Mlle. Pauline Streekfuss and Mlle. Pauline Rochon, French girls; Alexandre Zinlianosky, a Pole; Otar Berk Tugai, a Russian, and Dirk Pen, a Hollander. When this international assortment arrived at Ellis Island, the puzzled immigration authorities refused to let them land until they learned what it was all about.

Mr. Woodward appeared and explained, but even then the officials would not let them through until he had posted a $500 bail for each and agreed to get them out of the country in sixty days. Mr. Woodward doubted that in sixty days they could tell all they knew, especially as two of them were women, but had to accept the Immigration Department's terms.

The gelatin magnate thought he could at least count on them for sixty days but instead the casualties began. Mr. Zinlianosky seems to have been shipped in bad condition, for he died of delirium tremens on Ellis Island.

Mlle. Streekfuss fell in love with a Beau Brummel at the Hotel Brevoort and eloped to parts unknown.

Mlle. Rochon became homesick and incontinently returned to that dear Paree, Woodward divorce or no divorce.

Otar Berk Tugai, the Russian, and Dirk Pen, the Dutchman, got into a fist fight over the respective merits of the Hague Tribunal and the League of Nations, or something equally important, and were thrown out of the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton hotel and also vanished.

Five perfectly good witnesses, all paid for in advance and all a total loss. The French detectives offered to ship another consignment on the same terms but Mr. Woodward threw up his hands and asked the enemy on what terms she would call off the three-year war. He was informed that for another $1,-850,000 cash to Mrs. Woodward, $300,-000 to her lawyers, a $750,000 trust fund for the children, the settling of all the various incidental suits and a few more odds and ends running in all over $3,000,000, the gelatin maker could have a nice Mexican divorce and peace and quiet.

Mr. Woodward promptly agreed to the peace terms and a few days later received a beautifully engraved certificate, stating in Castilian Spanish that Senora Persis Davis Woodward had divorced Senor Orator Francis Davis. The children were divided 50-50, Orator Jr. going to Sr. and Ruth to mother. As Mrs. Woodward got this divorce herself she cannot change her mind and have it set aside.

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Science Trying to Unravel One of Nature's Greates

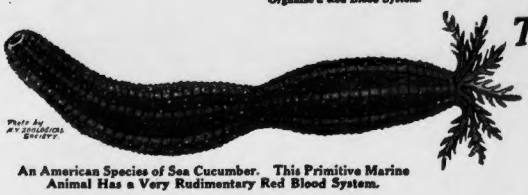
1—The Jellyfish Is One of the Oldest Forms of Marine Animal Life, a Primitive Bloodless Creature, and Believed to Be the Ancestor of Many More Highly Organized Forms of Marine Life. It Still Survives in the Oceans Today, Little Changed Since Earliest Times.

2—The Sea Cucumber, an Extraordinarily Interesting But Lowly Form of Life Which Crawls About in the Slime of the Ocean Bottom. The Sea Cucumber Is a Descendant of the Jellyfish, But It Has a Most Primitive Blood Supply, Which Contains a Small Amount of the Red Blood Coloring Matter, and Is Believed to Be the First Attempt of Nature to Organize a Red Blood System.

3—The Curious Mud Skipper, a Fish Which Has Paw-Like Breast Fins and a Breathing Apparatus Which Enables It to Live in the Water Like a Fish or Crawl About on the Land Like an Air-Breathing Animal. Thus Science Today Has Before Its Eyes an Example of Nature's Creation of a Half-Fish, Half-Animal Creature.

4—Gradually the Various Kinds of Land-Fish Became Skilled in Flopping About on Their Fins and Developed Legs and Feet. Some Became Cold-Blooded Reptiles and Grew to Huge Bulk, While Others Developed a Circulatory System of Warm Red Blood. The Huge Cold-Blooded Creatures Finally Became Extinct.

5—As Skill With Their Feet Increased, Some of These Reptiles (Small Dinosaurs) Acquired Considerable Agility, and Especially Learned to Run Fast on Their Hind Legs. Their Change in Habits of Life Began to Work Marked Changes in Their Physical Make-Up.



An American Species of Sea Cucumber. This Primitive Marine Animal Has a Very Rudimentary Red Blood System.

Tracing the Steps Which Developed the Cold, Blo Animals Which Could Breathe Air, Scien Offspring of the Bloodless Jellyfi

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TO shake hands with a fish would not be a pleasant experience. Even if a fish had hands instead of flippers, its extremities would be cold and slimy enough to send a shiver of disgust up the spine of the average human being. The very words "fishy," "clammy" and others like them have come to stand in human language for distaste of cold-blooded things.

Nor are the disadvantages of cold-bloodedness confined to such incidental things as shaking hands. It is because men and other ordinary land animals are warm-blooded that they are able to live in so many different climates and to work under so many different conditions. For a fish in the sea, warm blood does not so much matter, for the sea water is always of about the same temperature and the fish merely shares that temperature of his environment. But the conquest of the whole earth by life, and especially its conquest by intelligent life, made warm blood a necessity.

Anybody who has held his head under water for a moment or has watched a fish gasp and die instantly in the open air marvels how an air-breathing creature could ever be adapted to live under water or a fish be made so that it could live comfortably on land. And yet nature has accomplished both of these miracles.

Science has agreed that all life originated in the warm seas of prehistoric ages. Marine animals had neither lungs nor a circulation of warm blood, and yet when the time came for forms of ocean life to take advantage of the opportunity which the dry surface of the earth and atmosphere offered—nature set at work making over the machinery of the ocean dweller so that life would be possible on land.

And it is a curious fact and almost equally astonishing that certain animals that had emancipated themselves from the limitations and disadvantages of a seafaring life and had patiently worked out the changes which made them comfortable on land—changed their minds and started in to adapt themselves again to a marine existence.

The whale is a striking example of this extraordinary double change. The whale's ancestors were once fish without lungs or warm blood. After slow and painful stages of evolution the whale's ancestors emerged from the water, developed lungs, set up a fine machinery of warm blood circulation, grew two pairs of serviceable legs and became an air-breathing, warm-blooded land animal. And then, with all the disadvantages of an air-breather and legs instead of fins, the whale changed his mind again and performed the second miracle of evolution, becoming what we find him today—a warm-blooded, air-breathing animal, living his life in the cold waters of the sea, his forelegs having developed into swimming fins and his hind legs having shrunk to mere vestiges, but the leg bones still are to be found in every whale skeleton, buried under a great thickness of fat.

To these facts about the ancestry of whales recent scientific researches have added equally astonishing evidences of the curious twists and turns that life has taken in its progress during the millions of years of earth history. Two Japanese investigators, Dr. Tetssutaro Tadakora and Dr. Shukichi Watonabe, have traced, for example, the beginnings of the blood machinery in the lowly creatures called the "sea cucumbers," which crawl along the ocean bottom off the coast of Japan and other shores of the Pacific.

Along the Great Barrier Reef, which fringes over a thousand miles of the coast of Australia, a British scientific expedition is now at work. From its camp on one of the low, wave-swept islands the leader of the expedition, Dr. C. M. Yonge, distinguished biologist of Cambridge University, reports the finding of still more lowly, coral-like animals, which have no blood in their bodies, but supply its lack, at least in part, by entertaining tiny green plants which make oxygen to help keep the coral animals alive.

Millions of years ago coral animals somewhat like these surviving ones are believed to have taken the first steps toward real blood, casting out their plant guests or perhaps modifying them into bodily units like the modern blood corpuscles and starting the line of evolution that was to lead to creatures like the Japanese sea cucumbers, then to ancient fish, finally to warm-blooded animals and to man.

From another of the far-flung fronts of science in little known countries where curious, ancient creatures still survive, the dark, slimy swamp lands of Paraguay called the Chaco, two other scientists, Dr. G. S. Barter and Mr. L. C. Beadle, have just reported the discovery of curious, million-year-old species of fish which are actually in the process, these experts believe, of developing lungs to breathe with on land, just as the ancestors of all the modern land animals, including the back-to-the-water whales, are believed to have done long ages ago.

The water of these Paraguayan swamps is sluggish and poorly aerated. At certain seasons of the year the death of enormous quantities of swamp weeds makes the water unbelievably foul, taking out of it all of the oxygen gas which is dissolved in ordinary water and which fish extract by means of their gills. If the Paraguayan fish depended on this conventional kind of gill breathing for the oxygen supply of their bodies, they would soon die of suffocation.

Probably many of them do die each year. Certainly millions of them must have died in the past before the cleverer ones invented some way to escape the effects of this annual period of foul water. Millions of years ago other billions of the fish-like creatures which were among the direct ancestors of man must have died, too, before lungs and land life were invented.

But the survivors of the Paraguayan swamps, Dr. Carter and Dr. Beadle report, have learned to come to the surface of the foul swamp water once in a while, stick their noses out of the liquid and gulp down mouthfuls of fresh air. Inside their bodies are the beginnings of lungs, by which this air is breathed. In other foul and sluggish streams in Australia fish having somewhat similar habits are known to exist. All of these are cold blooded. They possess the beginning of one fundamental of land life—that of being able to breathe air. The art of keeping the blood warm they have yet to learn.

Until recently scientists studying the story of evolution were not very sure just how this production of warm-blooded creatures happened. It was known that it must have occured at about the same time that reptiles were turning into the higher, hair-covered animal group of the mammals, of which group man is the highest point. But everyone realized that the mere happening of this change of reptile into mammal must have been proceeded by a long series of changes and developments in preparation for the production of warm blood, just as the success of a man in a profession is usually proceeded by a long course of education and practice.

It is this preliminary evolution, making way for the development of warm blood just as the scouts and surveyors and trail cutters make way for a railway through the wilderness, which is now attracting the greatest interest from the biologists who are endeavoring to recover the exact details of the story of man's evolution.

Dr. D. M. S. Watson, Professor Richard S. Lull, Dr. William K. Gregory and other well known scientists who have studied the origins of the animal group to which man belongs agree in believing that these primitive mammals originated almost under the feet of the giant, ferocious dinosaurs which dominated the earth in the later stages of the Age of Reptiles.

Like all reptiles, the dinosaurs were cold-blooded. This meant that they could move rapidly only when the weather was warm, just as snakes and lizards still do.

On cold nights or when a cold snap brought a succession of wintry days, the great dinosaurs were compelled to lie quietly under some sheltering rock and merely wait for warmer weather to return. Every experienced woodsman has picked up snakes or lizards in this same torpid condition on a cold day and has seen these creatures revive and scamper off with renewed activity as soon as the warmth of a heated room had thawed them out.

Naturally such dependence on warmth for ability to move around and find food was a great disadvantage to the ancient reptiles. It probably had much to do, in fact, with their disappearance —something for which man may be devoutly thankful. If the giant dinosaurs had been able to learn how to keep their blood warm in spite of the cold it is probable that these terrific beasts would have lived on to the present time. Men and women might still be hiding in caves and holes too small for the dinosaurs to enter, might still be venturing out only during cold nights to find such food as the dinosaurs had left uneaten when the cold of nightfall overtook them and chilled them into inability to move.

That was about the kind of life that really was lived, scientists believe, by the small and

Below, in Oval—A Swamp in Prehistoric Times, When the Waters Were Warm, the Air Was Thick With Warm Vapors, Vegetation Grew Fast and Dank, and Fishes and the Cold-Blooded Reptiles Needed No Warm Red Blood to Make Them Comfortable.

Remarkable Similarity of the Flipper of a Whale and the Hand of a Man in Their Arrangement of the Bones. And Diagram of the Skeleton of a Whale, Showing (A) Vestiges of the Whale's Hind Legs Found Inside the Body of Every Whale, But Now Buried Deep Under Thick Blubber.

Miracles—How Man Acquired His Warm Blood

6

...me Species Sought Their Food in Trees, ...veloped Claws to Help Them Climb ...rench to Branch and Crude Feathers to Them Warm. These Were Nature's Models Which Were to Develop Into ..., Some of Which Are Now of Exquisite ...y.

7

7—The Primitive Arms Developed Into Wings, and the First Birds (Archaeopteryx) Appeared With Clumsy Tail and Still Retaining Claws. They Were Probably Warm-Blooded. Science Has Had the Good Fortune to Find the Fossil Remains of This "First Bird," and It Is a Most Important Evidence of a Missing Step in Evolution.

8

8—Other Varieties of Warm-Blooded Air-Breathing Animals Also Sought Their Food in the Trees, But Developed Skill in Climbing About from Branch to Branch, and Thus Developed Their Fore-Legs Into True Arms. Many of These Forms of Animal Life Are Seen in All Parts of the Habitable World.

9

9—The Various Forms of Apes, Both Little and Big, Reached a High Degree of Perfection in Arm and Leg and Hand and Foot Development, and Yet Some of Them Were Able to Move About With Great Agility on the Ground. The Ape's Similarity to Man Is Apparent to Any Visitor to a "Zoo."

10

10—And at Last Man Appeared, Highly Perfected in Adaptation to Varied Climates and Temperatures, and Science Believes He Owes the First Crude Beginning of His Warm Blood System to the Lowly Sea Cucumber, Descendant of the Bloodless Jellyfish. His Warm Blood Has Enabled Man to Conquer the Earth.

...odless Creatures of the Sea Into Warm-Blooded ...tists Find the Lowly "Sea Cucumber," ...h, the First Link in the Chain

The Mud-Fish—Partly Fish, Partly Reptile, With Rudimentary Fins, Breathes by Gills and Lives Like a Fish When There Is Plenty of Water in the Creeks and Rivers, But When the River Subsides It Burrows Into the Mud, Which Soon Bakes Into a Hard Cake, and There the Mud-Fish Passes the Dry Season Rolled Up in a Torpid Condition.

...ible creatures which lived with the dinosaurs ...or millions of years and learned the powerful secret of warm blood, a secret which has made their descendants masters of the land surface of the earth. Probably the still earlier age, when the dinosaurs themselves were evolved, was a uniformly warm one. In such a climate it would make little difference whether a creature's blood was warm or cold. Then something happened to the earth's climate—one of the many climatic changes which are known to have marked different ages of earth history. The climate became colder and also more variable. Days might still be warm enough for the dinosaurs to rush around, kill each other and find their food. But nights were too cold for that.

This was the force, evolutionists say, which stimulated the development of warm blood. One or two races of small, reptilian creatures, themselves distant cousins of the dinosaurs, possessed innate ability to control their own body temperatures. This ability they rapidly developed, in order to move about safely when the greater reptiles were torpid; to get food when these gigantic rivals were temporarily incapacitated.

In one sense, men and women owe their existance to the dinosaurs, for if these great beasts had never existed the tiny creatures that were to be man's ancestors would never have been compelled to hunt and move only in cold weather and would never have been forced, therefore, to develop the great advantage of warm blood.

But that was not the real beginning of warm-bloodness. These little scurrying rivals of the great dinosaurs had to have something to start from. The dinosaurs never developed the warm-blooded ability. Their modern descendants, like the giant lizards of Mexico, or of the Pacific islands, or like the frightful looking but harmless horned toad of Texas and Arizona, have no vestige of that ability now. The real turning point of the evolutionary path toward man was the possession by the tiny dinosaurian rivals in that age of the first cold weather of bodily mechanisms which made warm blood a possibility. There had to be some kind of furnace inside the body to provide the heat on cold nights. It was necessary, too, to have some way of regulating this furnace, so that the creature would become just warm enough to make rapid movement easy but not too warm so that it would perish in a fever.

It is the history of these bodily machines which the tiny first mammals developed in their rivalry with the dinosaurs that scientists are now unravelling. The story leads back, they find, to creatures older even than fishes, notably to the curious, sea-bottom animals called "sea cucumbers, creatures which crawl along the ocean bottoms all over the world and which possess, among other remarkable habits and abilities, the power of squeezing out most of their internal organs when they are frightened or attacked, only to rebuild all this internal machinery promptly once the danger is over.

The heat-producing machinery inside the body of any warm-blooded animal, from birds to man, involves three pieces of apparatus. Most important of all is the blood, which serves to carry heat from one part of the body to the other, so that the temperature of all parts is the same all the time. It is probable, too, that the circulating blood carries to different parts of the body the chemical materials supplied by the food and which serves as bodily "fuel," just as coal or oil is the fuel of a furnace.

In its duty of distributing the heat the blood resembles the hot water of a household heating system. In many such systems water is heated in a furnace and then carries that heat to all parts of the house. To circulate cold water in warm weather would be equally possible, so that a house might be kept at the same temperature all the year round if anyone were willing to pay for it, just as the body actually is kept at the same temperature because Nature finds the price not too high for evolutionary dominance.

Next to the blood in importance among the warm-blood essentials are the ductless glands, for it is these organs that produce and supply to the blood the chemicals which control the rate of burning of the bodily fuel and accordingly the amount of heat produced inside the body from time to time. The late Dr. Charles E. de M. Sajous, of Philadelphia, distinguished American physiologist, whose recent death is mourned as an important loss to gland science, was the one who discovered this effect of the gland chemicals on bodily heat. In a way, the glands act like the damper on a household heating furnace. When more heat is necessary to the body, the glands open up their supplies of heat-stimulating chemicals, just as a damper may be opened to stimulate the fire.

Both the damper-like action of the glands and the heat-distributing behavior of the circulating blood depend, of course, on the presence of air, for it is really oxygen in the last analysis that burns up the food materials and produces the heat upon which the body of a warm-blooded animal must depend. That is where the Paraguayan air-breathing fish gets into the story as one of the co-inventors of warm blood.

Evolutionists are not entirely certain that this device of gulping air invented by fish that lived in foul water is the only way in which air breathing was developed. There are some African fish also, with still living representatives, which wrap themselves in mud balls on the bottoms of streams when the water courses dried up in the arid season of the year, lying snug there until water returns again in the Fall.

Somehow, these mud-wrapped creatures must get oxygen from the air, too, for at least a little of that gas is necessary to any highly organized creature that remains alive, the only exceptions being a few very lowly germs and molds which can take oxygen by chemical processes out of other chemical compounds, like sugar or water.

Anyway, one preliminary to the damper-mechanism of the glands and to the circulating system of the blood is the furnace itself—the machinery by which bodily heat is created. This it is that involves the breathing of air, by some mechanism, and after some one of the several possible paths of evolution, precisely as the fire in a household furnace needs air to burn up its fuel.

Third of the warm-blood mechanisms is the heat-regulator in the lower part of the brain, a small nerve center which apparently controls the actions of the glands very much as one of the modern thermostats placed on the wall of a room will respond to the temperature of that room and open or close the damper of the furnace to create more or less heat, as may be necessary from hour to hour.

The real story of how man got his warm blood goes back, therefore, to these three bits of machinery; the circulating blood, the glands and the heat-regulating center in the brain. The blood is the most ancient of the three and the most important, for without it the gland chemicals could not be circulated and the thermostatic center in the brain would be able to do nothing.

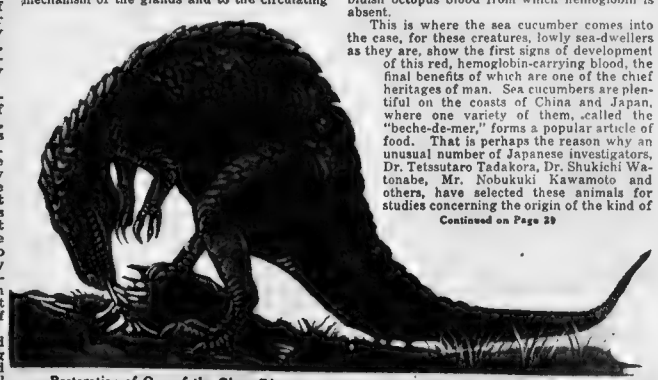
If all the animals of the world were collected and the blood of each of them studied it would be found that there are at least two different kinds of this essential fluid. One kind belongs to the octopus, the snail, the crab and many other sea animals. The other kind belongs to all the higher animals and to man. Crab blood and octopus blood differs from human blood in not possessing the red coloring matter called hemoglobin, the material which makes the blood corpuscles red and which acts chemically to carry the oxygen from the lungs to the body tissues.

For sea creatures, which have never had any need of warm blood, this octopus blood may be good enough. It would never have done for creatures who had to learn to move in cold weather in order to avoid the dinosaurs, for a good supply of oxygen is necessary to the production of much heat and the oxygen is carried by the red, hemoglobin blood of the mammals and other higher animals far more efficiently than by the bluish octopus blood from which hemoglobin is absent.

This is where the sea cucumber comes into the case, for these creatures, lowly sea-dwellers as they are, show the first signs of development of this red, hemoglobin-carrying blood, the final benefits of which are one of the chief heritages of man. Sea cucumbers are plentiful on the coasts of China and Japan, where one variety of them, called the "beche-de-mer," forms a popular article of food. That is perhaps the reason why an unusual number of Japanese investigators, Dr. Tetsutaro Tadakora, Dr. Shukichi Watonabe, Mr. Nobukuki Kawamoto and others, have selected these animals for studies concerning the origin of the kind of

Continued on Page 39

At Left—
One of the Countless Myriads of Bloodless Jellyfishes Which Swim the Oceans of the World—One of the Earliest Forms of Marine Life, Like the Ancestor of the Sea Cucumber.



Restoration of One of the Giant Dinosaurs. The Creature Was a Reptile Without Warm Blood, and as the Climate Changed in Prehistoric Times He Became Sluggish and Unable to Move in Cold Weather—One of the Reasons, Probably, Why the Great Reptiles Disappeared from the Earth.

The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER KINGDOM, a self-made financial colossus called the Red Vandal and his prim old mother encounter the ridicule of polite society when they move into Kingdom, a great London mass on the Thames.

Sir Julian Comston, a famous lawyer who has unsuccessfully defended Stella Burke, the interesting Hungarian adventuress who is the wife of the Red Vandal who believes that she died in a railroad wreck after running away with another man. Armed with this information he goes to Kingdom for assistance. The Vandal refuses to bolster up Hungarian copper and save the lawyer from disgrace because it looks like blackmail.

That evening Kingdom meets Beth Comston, Sir Julian's daughter, at a treasure hunt organized by Mike and Ikey, the Earl of Tabbington and Sir Jacob, who are the leaders of the wild cabbage crush. The Vandal recognizes Beth's partner, Lucian Burke, as the man who ran away with his wife and then she herself ran into Kingdom's arms. Beth is seen in Kingdom's arms. Burke to leave her alone and makes up his mind to help her father. When he learns Beth's home they find Sir Julian dead by his own hand after writing a note which says Kingdom did it. The Vandal destroys the note before Beth sees it and she, believing some financial enemy responsible, swears to revenge her father.

Determined to break Burke and more Beth's jealous love, Kingdom engages the services of Hannah Cooper so that disgrace will befall on the name of Sir Julian.

He goes to the prison to see Stella and she tells him that she shot Charteris when she found that he had been won by the Anaconda, a crippled master criminal and the Vandal's relentless enemy. It will be seen Kingdom promises not to try to save her.

Burke tells Beth he loves her and drives with her to his cottage for the sea planning to rule her reputation and get her in his power. Kingdom follows and Lucian wrecks the Vandal's car on the cliffs in the Anaconda's promised reward. Beth rescues Kingdom and he takes her back to town before Burke has a chance to harm her.

Stella's sentence is commuted to life imprisonment and Kingdom realizes that now all he can do is watch over Beth and protect her from a distance.

Bernice Travis, Comston's secretary, who worships Beth, tells him that Hannah Copper is going down to Cornwall to see Julian's daughter, at a treasure hunt organized by Mike and Ikey, the Earl of Tabbington and Sir Jacob, who are the leaders of the wild cabbage crush. The Vandal recognizes Beth's partner, Lucian Burke, as the man who ran away with his wife and then she herself ran into Kingdom's arms. Beth is seen in Kingdom's arms. Burke to leave her alone and makes up his mind to help her father. When he learns Beth's home they find Sir Julian dead by his own hand after writing a note which says Kingdom did it. The Vandal destroys the note before Beth sees it and she, believing some financial enemy responsible, swears to revenge her father.

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Kingdom Was but Ten Yards From Cortinas When the Bolas Went Like an Arrow and as Noiselessly, and the Vandal's Big Body Sagged.

due to sale by Kingdom. She thinks he is doing it to show his power and calls him rash to offend Kingdom. He tells her coldly and she returns to the Cabbingtons. When she finds out that the Vandal has taken the Jewels a Limehouse family she has befriended to live with him Beth realizes that she really loves him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lucian Burke Has Two Visitors.

INTO the motley shipping which lay in the Pool of the Thames, rusty tramps and stately liners, small ships and big ships from the Seven Seas, a large steam yacht, pale as cream and of great magnificence, had lately made its graceful way. The Chiquita was the floating palace of a South American silver millionaire, a senor Fernando Garcia. She lay in dock with a superilious grace, the flag of the Argentine Republic drooping at her stern. The Chiquita had looked into the Thames on a pleasure cruise round the world. But few people in London had, as yet, seen Senor Fernando Garcia, her owner.

Yet, one night, Senor Garcia, without pomp or ceremony, came ashore. The loungers caught sight of a little shrivelled man who moved with a curious limp and who carried his face, half hidden in the thick fur collar of his coat, with a sideways poise that was startling and rather disagreeable. He immediately stepped into a waiting limousine which glided with him out of dockland towards the more fashionable part of London.

Senor Fernando Garcia smoked a cigar as he was carried on his journey. He was somewhat of an enigma. With his parchment like skin, and his bony jaws, he looked almost senile; an old man who had seen much trouble, in spite of his vast wealth. But there was an almost tigerish vitality about him — especially about his narrow eyes, which were like those of a snake, if a snake's eyes could smile with such a terrible passion as he did — which was far from senility. He looked, then, like an implacable animal, that crippled and demented, wages war upon its kind. Which was exactly what Carlos Cortinas, whose nick-name was the Anaconda and whose assumed names were Fernando Garcia and many others, was.

The car stopped before a block of mansion flats in Sloane Street. Its passenger was whisked up in the elevator to the Bohemian and artistic apartment of Mr. Lucian Burke.

"So!" Cortinas said in good English. "A pretty little nest, friend Lucian. Burillo told me of it. You are fairly prosperous, I perceive."

His wide look went to Burke. In an instant, the sinister and formidable personality of the man seemed to fill the room. Lucian Burke's answering smile was perhaps not so debonair as usual. He was nervous. This was a master-criminal, as the detective-book called his kind. He hated criminals. His was an indolent nature which craved for no adventure save with women. But his life had touched crime, in a dilettante fashion, at various points, and this was the result. Besides, he feared the Anaconda. He confessed it quite frankly. No man met the Anaconda without fearing him, and the new Anaconda, this wreckage of the South American prisons, with his limping body and twisted face seemed to be more powerful than ever.

"Poor as a rat," he answered lightly, "a very beggar rattling his tin-can before the world—compared to Senor Fernando Garcia, the South American millionaire."

A grin that was like a twinge of pain broke the impassive look of the Anaconda. He had sunk into a chair and, now he was hatless, his head lay revealed, bald and yellow as a crow's-foot.

"I will rattle my coin into your bowl, never fear," he said. "And now—how long must I wait?"

Burke held his watch in a hand that was not steady in spite of outward coolness.

"Until a quarter of an hour from now," he answered. "Kingdom, like all gnants of commerce is punctual in his appointments." When he lifted his face there was a touch of uneasy fear in it. "But, no rough work here, Cortinas. I promised that you should see him, and you shall. But I've got some costly carpets on the floor, and blood—spoils them."

The Anaconda glanced at Burke with a sardonic expression of flattened nostril and raised eyebrow. His voice was quite honeyed.

"I will take care. Do you think I am likely to be coarse or blundering when I have waited so long? So long that he has probably forgotten there was such a person as Carlos Cortinas. You have persuaded this Uncrowned King to come along and discuss some business—something hypothetical, no doubt—with you? Good! You arrange that I shall be here also. Better! Let us dismiss the subject Lucian. Or at least change the burden of the song. This woman who shot Charteris, now. Let us talk of her. They did not hang her. It was a grave miscarriage of justice."

Burke shrugged his shoulders.

"They are sentimentalists in this country, about women," he said. "Didn't you know? Almost more so than the Americans."

Cortinas replied with a glance of steely amusement. The man's heavy eyelids half-closed, giving him such a completely hairless aspect. Burke thought, that he might have changed his head and face for an egg.

"Her name was Stella," the Spaniard said sleepily. "Stella, Lucian. Does not the name awaken tender memories?"

"Kingdom's wife." Lucian Burke sat with his teeth slowly biting into his cigar. "You mean her? We in this country keep silent about our dead loves. It is bad form to do likewise. And that Stella died long ago."

"She called herself Charteris," said the man who was known as Fernando Garcia, the silver millionaire, "but he did not marry her. I got a message from him, written on the very night of the tragedy. He was in high spirits, poor fellow. It was such a splendid joke. For he had discovered that she was Kingdom's runaway wife. She had not died at all. It made his mission on my behalf—which unfortunately failed—all the more amusing."

Lucian Burke was on his feet. "Kingdom's wife!" he repeated slowly. "And she still lives!"

He lifted his clenched fist in crude triumph, and laughed.

In the depths of the quiet flat a bell rang, and the pad of the Creole man servant's feet past the door sounded.

"Our visitor!" said Cortinas, the Anaconda. His parchment-colored face did not move a muscle. Yet he seemed to flood with dark laughter.

His host, the owner of the quiet little apartment, had been standing like a man in a dream. The words which the Anaconda had just spoken had come with a flash of revelation. Stella, Roger Kingdom's wife, alive! In prison, it was true, but—alive! Did Kingdom know? Did Beth Coniston know? The questions pained upon Burke. He had an impulse to look down at his hands to see if a bright and dangerous sword had really leapt into it. Now, at any rate, Kingdom should never get Beth even if he escaped the Anaconda, and, sooner or later, she would come to him for good—or as long as he wished to keep her. . . .

"There is a convenient curtain I perceive." Cortinas did not seem to observe the effect of his news, but stepped noiselessly across the carpet. "You shall entertain your visitor, Lucian, while I watch and consider the situation."

"No knife-throwing, Cortinas" With an effort Burke wrenched his thoughts back, remembering the Anaconda's gift, in the dead days, with the flying dagger and the bolas. But the Spaniard had vanished behind the Bruges tapestry which hung at the inner doorway.

The Creole servant entered. Behind him loomed the figure of Roger Kingdom, and Burke stepped forward.

"This is kind of you, Kingdom." He gestured to the chair

(Continued on Page 14)

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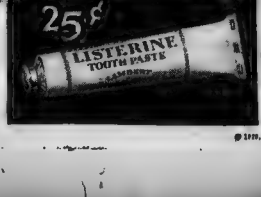

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The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

(Continued from Page 12)

in which, but a moment before, the Anaconda had sat. "We do not shake hands? Very good. A: any rate you believed in my sincerity when I rang up this morning and told you I was anxious to discuss the delicate matter which lies between yourself, myself and Miss Coniston? I should like to convince you."

Kingdom's frigid glance rested on him.

"I should be glad to be convinced," he replied curtly. "You are leaving London and going abroad, you say. What are your terms?"

"Spoken like the Vandal to a poor man," laughed Burke with deliberate harshness.

He had to hide his face from the other for an instant. Exhilaration spread through him. His brain was buzzing with the stimulating shock it had received. Did Kingdom know that the Silent Woman whom the law kept alive because she had been judged insane, was Stella, his wife, or did he still think she was dead? Burke's glance went to the tapestry curtain. He was no longer nervous of the Anaconda, but only felt a coldly speculative amusement concerning his purpose with Roger Kingdom. Whatever it was it would be more successful than his own impulsive attempt on the cliffs, he felt sure. That had been a blunder.

"I'm ready to give you money to finish your friendship with Miss Coniston and to clear out, Burke." So might Kingdom have spoken to a highwayman or a thief, whom it was not convenient to hand to the police. "That is why I was agreeable to coming along here. I should require a reasonable guarantee, that's all. I recognize that my original idea of physical violence may be a bit primitive in the civilized world where you and I now find ourselves. I am willing to—postpone it."

His fingers drummed on the table a little impatiently. Lucian Burke's handsome face expressed a certain rueful humor.

"You've got a devil of a poor opinion of me, Kingdom. Though I suppose it's natural. It's strange that I should cross your path twice. I'm fond of Beth—Miss Coniston. We've had a delightful friendship. The prudes would not have approved of it, of course. But a modern girl like Beth doesn't stint herself when she's in love with a man. I shall feel a hound, to break off the romance so suddenly—"

"You're a splendid liar, my man," said Roger Kingdom, impassively, as if he spoke to some vicious beggar in the street. "But cut that out."

"—— But after stella — my conscience pricks me, Kingdom. Poor Stella! When she was killed in that railway accident, it was a shock to me."

Beneath his half-closed eyelids Burke watched Kingdom avidly. Did he know? Lucian Burke's brain at that moment was a delicately sensitive machine answering to every reaction. Sir Julian Coniston had been the Silent Woman's counsel. Sir Julian Coniston, on the day of his death, had been deeply involved in Hungadi Coppers, which Kingdom controlled. Had Coniston known who the Silent Woman really was, and told Kingdom? And had Coniston's suicide anything to do with it? A thrill shot through Burke. It was a pretty skein. But there might be some clue to it.

All this was in the flash of a second, during which Lucian Burke kept his suave demeanor.

"There's just one thing, Kingdom. You've made Beth a beggar. I don't know what your purpose is."

"It doesn't concern you, Burke."

"No. But I'm curious. That poor old fool, her father, committed suicide because he thought his affairs had gone crash and he couldn't face the consequences. Beth has been used to a luxurious life. If I deserted her suddenly, that, combined with her poverty, might make her do something desperate before you can stop her. The suicide streak often runs in families. Coniston had some reason, I expect, for his reckless action."

"There was no other way out for him," Roger Kingdom said, forcibly. "It was that or gaol. But if he had waited——"

He stopped. His treacherous tongue had run away with him, before he knew. The picture of that tranquil dead face was like a raw wound which he only dared to uncover in his solitary hours. Burke had laid it bare and he had cried out.

"Quite probably." Not by a quiver did the other let his carefully mask slip, though he filled with exultation. "But it shook Beth badly. Naturally if I beneath her to you, I should like to think she will be happy. Women, as a rule, prefer that their lovers should give them wealth rather than take it away. I mention that to you, because you are obviously ignorant of women's ways—always have been."

Kingdom rose. The man was mocking him. He was satanically insincere in some way. A moment's instinct of acute danger came upon Roger Kingdom.

"I don't trust you, Burke," he said, on a deep breath. "And when I don't trust a man, it is unfortunate for him. Will you take money to clear out? If you want my advice you will. I suggest South America. A tropical climate suits you. I'll give you a thousand now, and another five when you're settled out there."

"Very handsome." Burke returned his flashing smile. "I prefer to make the noble gesture, Kingdom, and refuse your filthy money. I will let you know when I go abroad to leave you free to woo Miss Coniston. By the way, I hope honorable marriage is your intention?"

Kingdom was moving towards the door with Burke watching him coolly. To the question he made no reply, nor did Burke expect it. So far, the tapestry curtain had hung motionless. Now, Kingdom was passing it and, through the stuff, a dagger would have got him in the back. Or did the Anaconda, with the subtle shades of vengeance, only wish to cripple or disfigure him? A streak of animalism in Burke made him watch with deep excitement. He felt drunk that night, with all manner of sweet emotions.

But Kingdom was gone, unscathed. The Creole was letting him out of the flat.

Cortinas had stepped from behind the curtain. He gave a sleepy smile which, with the sly and twisted poise of his head, chilled.

"A pleasant conversation! He is more like a bull than ever. Your carpets are unsullied, you will perceive, my friend. Am I not a man of my word? But I am in haste. Adois, Lucian."

CHAPTER XIV.

In the Clutch of the Anaconda.

AT that hour the streets in that fashionable part of the town were quiet, and wisps of hanging mist lay in the dark spaces between the lamps It was a choice residential neighborhood of tall mansions and trim thoroughfares, which, in the torpor of evening, only held an occasional foot passenger. Roger Kingdom, to the occasional policeman he passed, excited no curiosity. The Anaconda, following behind, was only a small and shrivelled old gentleman in a fur-collared coat, who walked with a rather noticeable limp.

A somewhat eccentric old gentleman, perhaps, for, as he and the man he followed passed through a quiet space of road, he took from the pocket of his coat a queer rat's cradle-like object which was merely two small laden weights, united by a thin leather thong. It was, in fact, the deadly weapon of the South American Gaucho, called the bolas, and it had been once said that the Anaconda could bring down a man with that flying sling at a distance of a hundred yards, dead, dying or merely half-strangled, according to the Anaconda's purpose.

It happened very quickly Kingdom was but ten yards from Cortinas when the bolas went like an arrow and as noiselessly, and the Vandal's big body sagged, reeled and went down. In an instant, Cortinas had reached him and was unhaking the strangling thong which twined about his throat. So swift was he that the bolas was in his pocket again as, from the vestibule of a block of apartments opposite, the liveried porter came across.

"Anything the matter, guv'nor?"

Cortinas, kneeling, looked up. He had not lost his cunning with the weapon he had practised since boyhood. His touch had been delicate. Kingdom was only insensible.

"My son has had a seizure, I fear," he said. "He is subject to them. He sustained a severe shrapnel wound in his head during the war Ah, see, officer! A policeman had come out of the shadows of a nearby street corner. The old gentleman in the fur collared coat was flustered and distr "Can I get a cab to take ... No, he does not requ ... tor. A taxicab if you please, officer. The boy carries a flask of brandy with him always, in case this happens, and I shall be able to revive him in the cab."

The porter had already whistled shrilly to a rank of sleepy looking taxicabs, and, with the old gentleman, lifted the unconscious man inside. As the cab droned away, the flask of brandy was already in the old gentleman's hand.

"That was very good," murmured the Anaconda, touching his bald head with a handkerchief.

If the witnesses of the swift incident of a minute before could have seen the avid expression with which he bent over his recumbent companion with both fingers crooked, they would have been startled. The flask, which had contained an opiate, was empty. The Anaconda, who lived the wreckage of his life for vengeance, neglected nothing when at last he struck.

The cab sped, screaming its lights of Piccadilly, when all at once, the old gentleman called excitedly to the driver to stop. His own car, it appeared, was parked outside the Ritz, and that would take his son much more comfortably to his home in the suburb of Streatham. For an instant the driver hesitated, but the trembling fingers of the old gentleman — who was evidently a foreigner and therefore eccentric —thrust a note into his hand, and the limousine glided alongside, in answer to his urgent wave. Excitement, the driver observed, had lent the "old cove" strength, for he lifted his companion, almost without the aid of the chauffeur, into the big car.

"You were wide awake, Bonaventure!" the Anaconda said to the chauffeur. "I shall not forget. Do I ever forget? The Chiquita now quick!"

Roger Kingdom came awake slowly. His mouth was parched, and two fiery thumbprints at his throat seemed to stop his breathing. A cluster of lights above his head swung dizzily before his vision as he moved, and the room where he lay upon some couch exploded in a painful haze. But gradually it cleared, and the face of a man which hung before him, now like a bloated parchment mask, now small and dim, became steady to his vision.

"Do you know me?" asked Cortinas softly. "I ask, do you know me, Roger Kingdom? Look close!"

With a great effort, Kingdom raised himself on his elbow. His weakness brought a kind of feeble rage.

"No," he said slowly. "What's all this fooiry about?"

"If I could straighten this crooked neck of mine — thus—" Cortinas gave a jerk of his head which only added to his distortion—"and lift up my dragging shoulders—fie, Kingdom, to forget an old friend so soon?"

"The Anaconda I believe," Kingdom said, his memory pouring back to his interview with Lucian Burke. "My word! Was Burke so primitive as to deliver me into your hands." What are the terms? Blackmail? Ransom?"

He tried to smile ironically. But the stricture at his throat burned him and the jar of recognition was great. Stella had warned him. But he had not believed. He had thought himself finished with the Jungle and its wild beasts.

Cortinas shook his head. The smoke curled from a cigarette that he smoked.

"This is not Lucian's game. It is mine. All mine. Is your brain quite clear, now, Kingdom? This is what Lucian gives the name of melodrama to. I know nothing of melodrama. I am a simple man, and, in La Concepcion, I have a wife and three children whom I love. I have been in prisons where they have tormented my body and twisted and shrunken it to what it is now. It was you who sent me there, Kingdom. You had power and you were relentless. I came forth broken and old. Ah, how I wanted to go back to those loved ones and live like a happy mole underground for the rest of my life! But it was not to be. I had debts to pay To my friends, rewards. To my enemies, vengeance. I became rich, nearly as rich as you, Kingdom. By what means it does not matter. From Cape Horn to Alaska the name of the Anaconda — that amusing name!—is known, if you search in the right places. I paid my debts. All but the biggest one."

Kingdom stirred. Cortinas' eyes were like burning emeralds Yet his voice had the quiet of velvet.

"You brought your punishment upon yourself, Cortinas," Roger Kingdom said roughly. "And for tonight's work, there'll be more still, I promise you."

"Tonight?" The Anaconda's bald eyebrows went up. "There

(Continued on Page 19)

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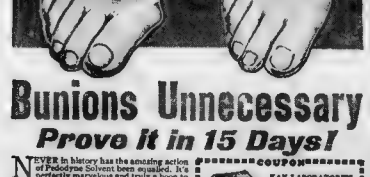

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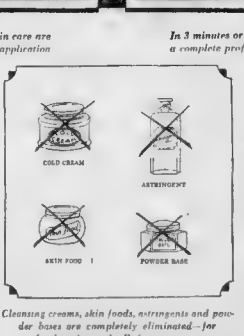

Cleansing creams, skin foods, astringents and powder bases are completely eliminated—for the functions of all four are embodied in one unique creation.

Each application has four distinct actions on the skin.

Cleansing action that cleanses the pores. And thus ends the use of an ordinary cleansing cream.

Tissue stimulating action that invigorates the deep tissues of the skin. And thus that ends the use of a special "Skin Food."

Astringent action that eradicates worry, strain and premature age lines, refines pores. And thus that makes the use of youth creams and astringents a folly.

Softening action that forms a perfect base for powder. And thus banishes the need of a powder base.

The four fundamentals of scientific skin care are condensed into a single, quick home application. In 3 minutes or less one gets the exact same effect of a complete professional facial costing $3 or more. Cleansing creams, skin foods, astringents and powder bases are completely eliminated—for the functions of all four are embodied in one unique creation.

Accept Test

Do as thousands of women are doing. Accept the test offered here. See results for yourself. You'll never go back to old-time ways.

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LADY ESTHER
5720 Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents. Please send me your 10-day tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream by parcel post prepaid in plain package
Name .....
Address .....

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The truth about your own beauty

A THOUSAND WAYS to have a beautiful skin are offered you! And the one best way is so simple that most women hardly think of it!... Ask any skin specialist—he will tell you to use regularly—from top to toe—a pure toilet soap. Simply that—but that is enough... A pure toilet soap. Do you know what it is?—a soap without excess of free alkali (which makes it harsh) and without excess of free fats (which keep it from lathering well)... A pure soap is just what Sweetheart is. It couldn't be purer no matter what it cost... In addition, Sweetheart contains the three great beautifiers—Benzoin, for fairness; Glycerine, for softness; Cold Cream, for deep cleansing. Yet Sweetheart is not costly!

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP

SO YOU MAY BE SURE IT'S PURE

Dr. Foster D. Snell, famous consulting chemist, laboratory 35 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, says "You are certainly justified in calling this a neutral soap." Dr. Snell analyzed Sweetheart Soap bought in the open market.

Passion Island by Juanita Sandoe

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL JOAN ALLISON, stepdaughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Allison, has a reputation as a siren whose chief amusement is breaking men's hearts. Her career is brought to a climax when Peter Merrefield, man to call ride for love and then seek his wife's pity to dismiss Joan as a vamp, pure and therefore [illegible] her husband's death.

To allay the scandal [illegible] blow over, Joan and Lady Allison [illegible] on a [illegible] Lauder [illegible] ing cruise to the South Seas. Mr. Merrefield [illegible] America and almost [illegible] grabbing [illegible] Hilary Sterling, a young man [illegible] pearl fish[illegible] [illegible] Merrefield [illegible] Monica and Peter [illegible] the [illegible] able and [illegible] Joan.

When he tells her [illegible] of his love she repulses him [illegible] denounces her as a [illegible] and tells her that [illegible] was not [illegible] that moment equal [illegible] with her. But Hilary [illegible] persists in [illegible] playing a part to [illegible] Joan's heart. When the [illegible] Peter Bell [illegible] the South Seas Joan is ready [illegible] love. But when [illegible] Hilary begins [illegible] he is [illegible] passages [illegible] and the [illegible] determines [illegible] he will [illegible] with her and [illegible] he has [illegible] Hilary [illegible] Sterling. [illegible]

[illegible] Joan's honor and after [illegible] Hilary to [illegible] that they have [illegible] married by the native witch doctor.

Before Joan Could Realize What Was Happening, an Almost Naked, Brown-Skinned Native Leaped Forward From the Doorway.

[illegible] Joan gets on [illegible] and part of the island and falls into the hands of Black Mike Doyle and Kellock Howes, [illegible] and with ownership of Hilary. They take [illegible] the fortress and Howes sets [illegible] Sterling a part of the island.

CHAPTER XX.

Joan Plays Circe.

BLACKBIRD DOYLE watched Joan gloatingly.

"I've got everything here now a man could wish for—power, the fat of the land, natives to work for me and fight for me, and when I've got rid of Sterling I'll be master of the whole island if only I can reconcile the tribes," he said. "And now I've got you, my dear. I don't ask for anything else. You've got to humor me, Joan, and I'll make you very happy." Kellock Hewes thinks he is going to share you with me, but you can leave me to deal with him after he has helped me to dispose of Sterling. He's only my jackal, a little cringe of a Cockney who calls himself an American citizen because he believes that makes him safe from arrest by British officials."

"It is useless to appeal to your sense of honor and decency?" cried Joan in desperation. "Remember you are a white man, even if you have broken the law, and your duty is to protect a fellow countrywoman."

"Oh, I'll be your protector all right!" exclaimed Doyle with a laugh, and he began to edge round the table toward Joan, who edged away from him. "What's the use of trying to avoid me? You know you can't get away, and the more you try to keep me at a distance the more you make me want you. I've wanted you from the first moment I set eyes on you."

"Don't dare to touch me!" gasped Joan, still evading him as he made another clutch at her.

Doyle suddenly caught hold of the table and thrust it forward, pinning Joan between it and the wall, and before she could even attempt to escape he seized her by the arm. Joan struggled desperately and the table was overturned but she could not escape from Doyle's grip, and he flung both arms around her and crushed her against his breast, almost stifling her.

"You're breaking my beauty," he jerked out. "And you can't get away from me. No use screaming, either," he added, as Joan screamed hysterically for help. "The boat won't come to your assistance. Be sensible! I don't want to hurt you."

Joan redoubled her efforts to get free, but her strength failed her, and Doyle laughed exultantly as he felt her go limp in his arms.

"That's better," he exclaimed breathlessly, and dropped into a chair, drawing Joan on to his knees. "No use trying to resist, Blackbird Doyle. But I admire your spirit. I like women with spirit—I have to tame them. Give me a little pretty one."

Joan began to struggle again, trying to avert her face to avoid his hateful caress, but it crushed his beard against her face and kissed her fingers, and in order to free herself was pushing for breath, and Joan was almost fainting.

"Let me go, I'm fainting," sobbed Joan; and Doyle recognized that she was, indeed, on the verge of complete collapse.

"Either be docile for a bit and have a drop of brandy," he said, assisting her to her feet and guiding her toward the outer room. "You've only yourself to blame for struggling so much. You'll be all right in a few minutes, when you get your breath back."

Joan collapsed exhausted on the side of the bed, her breath coming and going in sobbing gasps, her senses reeling.

"I'll get you some brandy," said Doyle. "Lucky there's a stock, for you smashed a bottle when you upset the table."

He turned back to the outer room, and the moment he was through the door Joan controlled herself with an effort, jumped to her feet, and made a dash to the door with the intention of barring it. A sob of despair broke from her when she found the bar had been removed.

"Oh, God, let me die!" she breathed, collapsing on the bed again and burying her face in her hands.

Dazedly she heard Doyle picking up the overturned table, heard him draw a cork, and a minute later he was back at her side.

"Drink this," he ordered, but Joan kept her face buried in her hands. "Come on, don't be a little fool," Doyle resumed impatiently. "Drink it, and pull yourself together."

He put his arm round Joan's neck, drawing her hands away from her face, forced back her head, and compelled her to swallow the brandy, which burned her throat and made her choke and gasp for breath.

"Did you make all this fuss when Sterling began to make love to you?" inquired Doyle, with a sardonic note in his voice. "You needn't overdo the prudish stunt, my dear."

"You brute!" gasped out Joan, and Doyle uttered an exclamation of impatience and stood watching her as she coughed and struggled for breath.

"Brandy won't hurt you—and a drop of it wouldn't do me any harm," he drawled. "Pull yourself together, and don't try my patience too far. I warn you I can be very nasty when I am annoyed."

He withdrew again to the outer room, presumably to help himself to another drink, leaving Joan still struggling for breath and looking about her in the manner of a trapped fox. Had there been any weapon at hand she would assuredly have killed herself, for she was distraught. The draught of brandy which Doyle had forced her to swallow, although it had almost choked her, had revived her strength to some extent, and by sheer effort of will she conquered her hysteria. The thought came to her that if only she could keep Doyle at a distance for a time by pretending to humor him there might be a remote possibility of escaping when night came.

"Feeling better?" inquired Doyle, reappearing in the doorway with a tin cup in his hand.

"A little," Joan answered unsteadily, "but I still feel faint and ill. You were so rough, and you hurt me and frightened me."

"Sorry, my dear," said Doyle, taking a sip of brandy from the tin cup. "But you shouldn't have resisted in such spitfire fashion when I began to make love to you."

"You shouldn't have behaved in such cave-man fashion," Joan retorted. "Remember I am still feeling the effects of being dashed about by the sea and being dragged through the jungle by savages after having been ill-treated by Hilary Sterling. I'm ill, and my nerves have gone all to pieces. Give me time to recover, please, and to accustom myself to the idea of your wanting to be my lover."

"Ah! So you think you can accustom yourself to the idea—eh?" asked Doyle in a low voice, beginning to smile.

"You must give me time," said Joan tremulously. "You will only make me hate you if you try to take possession of me by force while I am so weak and ill."

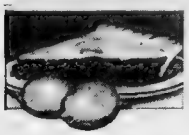
Doyle took another swig at the brandy, and stood silent for a few moments, regarding Joan half-ardently, half-suspiciously.

"You're not trying to fool me, are you?" he asked rather thickly. "You can't fool Blackbird Doyle, you know. Perhaps I did try to rush things, but everything will be all right if you are going to be sensible. You needn't be scared, my dear. I'll be very gentle with you. Come and have another drink just to show there's no ill-feeling."

It struck Joan that he was beginning to feel the effects of the liquor he had consumed, and it occurred to her that if he continued drinking he might become helplessly intoxicated and incapable of carrying out his purpose.

"Yes, I'll try to be sensible, but you mustn't try to rush things," she said, deciding that her only hope of safety lay in conciliating Doyle and leading

(Continued on Page 17)



After Huckleberry Pie, the Lemon . . . .

now we have a tooth paste that works like that to give you *sparkling teeth*

Science said "it's fresh fruit-whitener we want to get into a tooth paste, all right, but how in the world can you do that and still mix it with the other things that have to be in a proper tooth paste? It will be too weak to work . . . unless . . .

AND then came the idea. Put the fruit-whitener into a separate inner tube. No sooner said than done, and in record time New Mix selling all over the U.S.A. as the *only* fresh whitener tooth paste.

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These South Sea Island Beauties don't have to worry about tooth pastes. Their almost exclusive diet of fresh fruit keeps their teeth white, sparkling. Isn't it lucky for you that someone observed that, and put the same idea into New Mix tooth paste? It is an pleasant way to keep your teeth beautiful.

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Yes I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

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Of course, the real test is use. We are so positive that you will decide that Modess is superior to the napkin you have been using that we make you a definite offer below to refund purchase price unless your decision is favorable to Modess.

The secret of Modess superiority is an entirely new substance employed for the absorbent, disposable filler. It is not in stiff layers but is a downy, fluffy mass like the finest cotton. Its absorbency is so great that Modess has a higher degree of dependability than you have known. The sides of the filler are rounded and shaped to conform.

Modess has another feature you will appreciate. A gentle film of absorbent cotton has been meshed into the gauze, giving a quality of wonderful softness which entirely does away with chafing. The special gauze itself is softer.

Millions of women have accepted Modess because of its convincing superiority. Can you continue to be satisfied with the old-fashioned kind—especially since Modess costs no more?

Merely as an expression of our confidence, we make this offer: buy one box of Modess. If you are not convinced that it is superior to any other product you have used, tear off front of carton, write your name and address and purchase price on it and mail to us. We will refund the sum you paid.

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"DON'T FUSS, MOTHER, THIS ISN'T SO FAST"

SPEED! Life is all a-tingle at twenty. This girl of today travels without an anchor. There's too much fun ahead for thought of fear—too many prizes to be won to be satisfied with common things. Do older people really object—are they not just as eager in spirit to escape drabness and drudgery and feel again the thrill of being young?

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Modess SO INFINITELY FINER

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Passion Island — Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 16)

him to believe she would surrender if he gave her a respite. "There's Hilary Sterling, you know—"

"Blast Hilary Sterling!" interrupted Doyle angrily. "If you think he will rescue you or get the better of me, you're very much mistaken."

"That isn't what I meant," Joan equivocated. "I am Hilary Sterling's wife according to the laws of Muava, and even the natives have a contempt for a woman who gives herself to another man while her husband is still alive. Wait until you have disposed of Sterling before asking me to be your wife."

"So it's the idea that you belong to Sterling that's troubling you—eh?" queried Doyle, seemingly mollified. "I'll dispose of him all right and give you the satisfaction of being his widow. Meanwhile you needn't worry your pretty head about what the natives think. They will think I am more powerful than ever to have been able to steal the white woman of a white enemy. Come and have a drink, my dear."

Joan rose and followed him into the outer room, seating herself beside the table after helping herself to a draught of water.

"Water's no good to you, and it isn't safe to drink unless it's been boiled," commented Doyle. "Try some more brandy, my dear. Good, safe drink. Put you right in no time and buck you up."

He set a tin mug before Joan, half-filled it with brandy from the bottle on the table—Joan noted that his hand shook as he did so—then helped himself to a like quantity and sat down.

"My love to you, my dear," he said, as he raised the cup to his lips.

Joan pretended to drink, but set down the liquor untouched. She was still trembling, and at heart she was sore afraid although she was trying to keep up her courage. Doyle leaned his arms on the table, looking at her fixedly, his bold, dark eyes gleaming.

"You're a lovely creature, Joan," he said thickly, after a pause. "Just to look at you makes me want you. Take your jacket off."

"Why should I take my jacket off?" Joan asked, trying to force a smile to mask her dread and aversion.

"I want to see the shape of you and feast my eyes on the beauty of your figure," answered Doyle. "I felt the shape of you when I carried you here, and the touch of you set me all afire with longing. Those men's togs hide the beauty of you. Take the jacket off, darling."

"I—I'd rather not," protested Joan tremulously.

"Take it off!" repeated Doyle. "Don't tantalize me again by pretending to be prudish. Take it off!"

Joan reluctantly obeyed, fearing that Doyle might strip her forcibly if she persisted in her refusal. Beneath her soiled and crumpled tunic she had on only a silk tennis shirt, open at the neck and clinging close to her figure, and so showing its outline in unintentionally seductive form.

"Gee! You're a beauty!" exclaimed Doyle, with a great intake of breath, his dark eyes aflame with admiration and desire as he half rose from his chair. "Your skin is like satin, and the shape of you . . . the shape of you!"

He seemed to have difficulty in finding words to express himself and dropped back into his chair, breathing heavily and still regarding Joan with flaming eyes. Joan felt the flush of shame staining her face as she met his glance, and she tried desperately to think of something to divert his attention from herself.

"Have another drink, Mr. Doyle," she suggested, trying to speak lightly. "I'm not well enough to stand such fulsome compliments. You're Irish, I suspect, and you've kissed the Blarney Stone, but you can't gammon me. I'm likely all untidy, after the way you ill-treated me and mauled me about, and I'm feeling ill. Remember you promised to give me time to recover myself. I'll try to make myself lovely for you after you've dealt with Hilary Sterling."

"Hilary Sterling be blasted!" exclaimed Doyle, draining his cup of brandy. "Why do you keep on dragging in his name? You're mine now, my beauty. Mine—d'ye understand?"

"You must be patient with me," responded Joan, coaxingly. "I can't bear the thought of being yours until I know I am free from Hilary Sterling. Don't try to rush things again. Remember you promised to be gentle with me. . . . Have another drink? I remember hearing someone in London singing a song something about 'another little drink won't do us any harm.'"

The thought uppermost in her mind was that if only she could drug Doyle into insensibility with drink she would be safe for a time at least, and might get the chance of escaping into the jungle. She did not know that drink only served to inflame Doyle's desires.

"That's the spirit!" cried Doyle, with a semi-maudlin laugh. "Now you're a woman more after my own heart, Joan. Not so much of your 'Mr. Doyle,' my dear, as I told you before. Wilberforce, my name is, but they call me 'Blackbird' in the Islands. Once they used to call me 'Dandy Doyle.' Always been a bit of a dandy, y'know, and still try to keep up the reputation. I reckon I'm the only man in the Islands who keeps his nails polished and wears gloves—except, perhaps, your Sterling, who, I've been told, puts on a tail coat and a boiled shirt at nights. The girl I married in Auckland and left there used to call me 'Dandy,' and the half-caste woman I had for a wife at Papeete, in Tahiti, used to call me 'Will.' What are you going to call me, Joan darling?"

"I think I shall have to call you 'Bluebeard,' as you have so many wives," answered Joan.

"None of the others could hold a candle to you for looks, my dear, and even the half-caste woman at Papeete hadn't such a fine figure," said Doyle, with another unsteady laugh. "Come and pour me a drink."

"Help yourself," said Joan. "The bottle is at your elbow."

"It will taste better if you pour it, Joan. You've no cause to worry or feel jealous about the other women. They're things of the past, just as Sterling is a thing of the past where you're concerned. I'll not ask you to share me with any other woman, and you can stake your life I won't share you with any other man. Come and give your new lover a drink, sweetheart."

His ardent glance had become a leer which made Joan inwardly shudder with repugnance, but she told herself she must humor the brute, try to avoid exciting him, and induce him to drink as much as possible. She rose and went round to Doyle's side, therefore, picked up the bottle, and filled his cup, still acutely conscious of his leer, although she did not look at him.

As she set down the bottle on the table, Doyle threw his arm around her waist and tried to draw her on to his knees, but Joan resisted and cried out in protest.

"Don't! Please let me go. You promised not to rush matters, to be gentle with me and give me time to recover."

"I'll be gentle with you, my dear," said Doyle thickly, still holding her. "I won't hurt you. I only want to touch you—pet you—make a fuss of you, my beauty. Don't be so shy!"

He drew Joan down as he spoke, and chuckled exultantly as he pawed at her then buried his bearded face in her white neck. Nauseated and revolted, Joan struggled feebly to release herself, but he tightened his hold.

"Let me go!" pleaded Joan, breathlessly and distractedly, as he tried to kiss her on the lips. "Oh, please, please let me go! You promised to wait."

Doyle's hot breath was scorching her cheek. He was reeking of alcohol, and the odor and touch of him set Joan shuddering with repugnance.

"I can't wait," he said pantingly. "You've set me all afire, Joan. I want you now. I've got you now! Don't struggle, and I'll be ever so gentle with you. . . . Oh, you darling, I want you, want you!"

As he arose from his chair, his arms still encircling Joan, his face and eyes aflame, his breath coming and going pantingly, he reeled, and instantly Joan ducked and broke from him before he could recover himself.

"Blast you! Don't start your tricks again, or you'll suffer for it!" exclaimed Doyle with an oath, as he steadied himself, and as Joan once more put the width of the table between them. "Get into the bedroom and be sharp about it. D'you hear?"

"I won't! I'll die first!" gasped Joan through set teeth.

Doyle gathered himself together, made a spring at her across the table, and gripped her shoulder with one hand, but before he could grasp her properly Joan, driven to desperation, snatched up the brandy bottle and smashed it on his head. Doyle uttered a horrible grunting sound, slithered back across the table, his legs gave way beneath him, and he crashed to the floor.

With an effort he scrambled to his hands and knees and began to crawl toward Joan, who uttered a convulsive scream, turned and scrambled panic-stricken up the iron ladder to the roof cabin. She had barely sufficient strength and presence of mind left to slam down the heavy trap-door and slip the iron staple into place before she collapsed in a shuddering heap.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Night of Terror.

SHE did not faint, but her strength seemed completely to have deserted her, and had Doyle been able to reach her he would have found her easy prey and incapable of offering resistance. Crouching on the trap-door, trembling in every limb and panting for breath, Joan strained her ears to listen for any sound of movement in the room below, but she could hear nothing.

"I wonder if he is dead?" she thought. "Perhaps I have killed him. . . . I don't care if I have . . . Why didn't I make a dash for the outer door instead of climbing up here? I might have got away. If I have killed him, what will happen? What will the natives do?"

Recovering her breath, and to some extent her composure, she put her ear to the floor and listened intently, but still she could hear no sound from below. She was tempted to open the trap door and look down, but reflected that possibly Doyle was lying

(Continued on Page 18)

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..to try this amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique

whitens teeth 3 shades in 3 days

USE the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for just 3 days. Then look at your teeth—*fully 3 shades whiter!* And in 10 days the difference will be so marked that you will never again say that sparkling white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Kolynos is a highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream that foams in the mouth, thus permitting the Dry-Brush Technique. It cleans teeth down to the naked white enamel without injury.

This means you can use Kolynos full strength; also that the brush bristles retain enough of their stiffness to scrub tooth surfaces properly; penetrate the crevices, pits and fissures; and massage the gums. Thus 100% protection, and only Kolynos affords it. For no other dentifrice foams like Kolynos.

Removes Ugly "Yellow"

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In purifying and cleaning the mouth, this amazing foam dissolves and washes away the mucoid coating on teeth—the cause of stain, unsightly discoloration and yellow.

In a surprisingly short time it restores teeth to their natural whiteness and keeps them so.

Look for Results in 3 Days—Free Test

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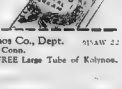
Now try Kolynos at our expense—you 500,000 American Weekly girls. Fill in and mail the coupon. We will send you—free—a generous trial tube of this amazing dentifrice that is winning thousands of new users every day. Mail coupon—now.



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DENTAL CREAM

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Street & No.
City State

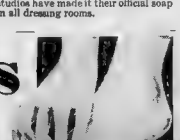
Sue Carol has lovely skin

Movie Directors Decide Girls' Greatest Loveliness

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—39 movie directors say that the secret of a girl's attractiveness is exquisite skin. "It is a first essential for the screen star," says Clarence Badger, Paramount director. "Only marvelously smooth skin carries over to the audience," Sue Carol explains. "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin gloriously smooth." *Nine out of ten screen stars are using this white fragrant soap.* And all the great film studios have made it their official soap in all dressing rooms.

Corns!

A NEW DISCOVERY
REMOVES THE CAUSE

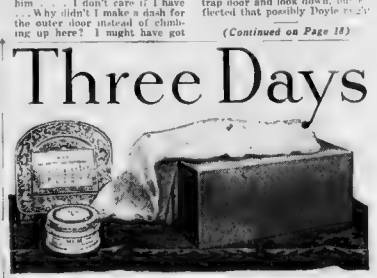


relief in one minute!

That's how instantly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. They *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—the only safe, sure way to treat corns known to science. No danger of blood-poisoning from cutting your corns, or of acid burn from harsh liquids or plasters. Zino-pads are thin, protective, healing. Also made in sizes for Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Three Days



... when Mum means most

Most women have discovered the need of Mum to guard the under-arm from all taint.

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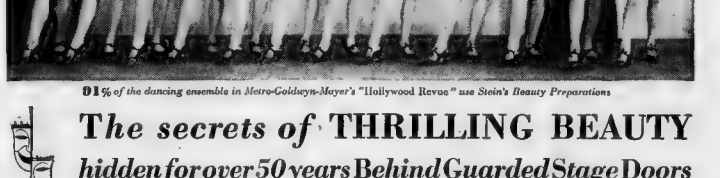

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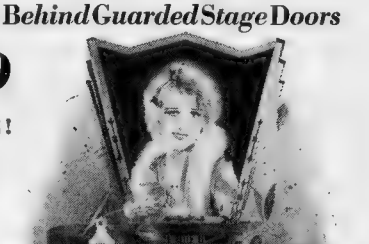

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Passion Island by Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 17)

have climbed the ladder silently and be waiting for just such a move on her part. Rising to her feet, Joan looked out of one of the port holes down into the grassy space between the hut and the stockade, to find that the excitement and noise inside the house had evidently passed unnoticed. The armed sentry was still on guard at the gate, but he was taking things easy, leaning against the gate-post and evidently gossiping with two other natives who squatted on the ground near him, smoking pipes.

Outside the stockade Joan could see few people astir, even in the native village, for it was the hottest part of the afternoon—the time of siesta.

"If I could get past the sentry, perhaps I might be able to get away," reflected Joan. "As Doyle has told the natives I am 'tabu' they might be afraid to interfere with me. If only I could be sure Doyle is dead or unconscious I would risk it."

She knew that in her exhausted state she would not get far before collapsing, and that the odds against her finding her way to safety through the jungle were incalculable. Her eyes wandered to the door that gave access to the flat roof of the hut, and with difficulty she unbarred and opened it. No sooner had she walked out on to the roof than one of the natives below observed her, pointed up at her, and jabbered to the sentry, who turned to stare and shake his gun at her, shouting out something unintelligible as he did so.

Joan did not know if he was threatening her, and did not care. She went to the edge of the roof, and, looking down, saw there was an almost twenty foot drop to the ground. To jump or drop from that height was almost certain injury, and there seemed no means of climbing down.

"If I had a rope, or anything I could make into a rope, I could let myself down," thought Joan.

But there was no rope or anything that could be utilized as such either on the roof or in the cabin, and the ladder leading down from the cabin to the main room, therefore, still seemed to be the only way of escape.

"Dare I risk it?" wondered Joan. "In the cabin I am safe for the time being, but if they have a ladder they can get at me."

She saw that the shouting of the sentry had attracted the attention of other natives, who had flocked out from their quarters to stare up at her and jabber excitedly, saw, too, that the sentry was leaving his post and hurrying to the door of the hut, presumably to report to Doyle, and she darted back into the roof-cabin, shut the door and listened. At first she could hear nothing, but suddenly there [illegible] Joan saw all the natives in the stockade crowding to the door of the hut.

They all seemed to be howling, shouting and talking at once, and Joan found terror gripping her heart again as she listened, not knowing what was going on, wondering if the commotion was due to the natives having found Doyle dead. She waited, watching and listening, her hands pressed convulsively to her breast, her heart throbbing with apprehension, and presently there came a lull in the noise below, and a few minutes later she saw half a dozen natives, led by the sentry, who was still waving his gun about excitedly, appear below, carrying the body of Doyle toward the gate of the stockade.

At first glance Joan thought Doyle was dead. His face was covered with blood and his mouth gaped open hideously, while his long arms hung down limply by [illegible] natives clumsily carried him along.

"I've killed him!" whispered Joan, with an intake of breath, but even as the word passed her lips [illegible]

The natives hurriedly set him down on the ground, and one of them set off at a run for [illegible] Doyle put up his hands to his damaged head, wiping away the blood from his eyes, and looked about him in the foolishly dazed way of a man recovering consciousness. He seemed to ask for water, for one of the natives rushed away and returned with a calabash, the contents of which Doyle, after taking a few sips, poured over his head.

The water seemed to revive him, for he struggled into a sitting position, mopped his face and after gazing around again, suddenly let out such a string of horrible oaths and curses that Joan instinctively shut the porthole to keep out the sound of [illegible] blasphemous tirade. Doyle tried to scramble to his feet, but the effort was too much for him and he collapsed again, just as the native who had run to the village reappeared accompanied by a hideous old man with tattooed face and wearing a weird head-dress.

The old native was the medicine man or witch doctor, and without much delay or palaver he began to dress Doyle's bleeding head after [illegible] on the wounds. Doyle, looking ghastly, continued to curse and rave while his head was being bandaged, but calmed down after a time and appeared to ask questions of the sentry, who pointed up at the roof. Doyle glanced up, and Joan instinctively shrank back, [illegible] and her heart contracted as she saw several natives [illegible] towards the door of the hut.

A minute later [illegible] a scuffling noise below her feet and there came a thud on the trap door as someone tried to force it open. Joan cried out involuntarily, dropped on her knees and clutched at the staple which fastened the trap, [illegible] upon her that she was behaving foolishly, for the trap [illegible] which it would be exceedingly difficult to break through from below. Joan realized that for the time being she was safe, unless the natives had a ladder or some means of climbing on to the roof. She got up from her knees when the pummeling on the trap door ceased and looked through the port-light again, to see Doyle being assisted into the house by the medicine man and another native.

There came a pause, then a murmur of voices. Joan recognized Doyle's voice, but she could not hear what he was saying, although he seemed to be [illegible]. There followed a silence, and she saw the natives [illegible] out of the house and [illegible] in the direction of the village, all jabbering excitedly, leaving only the sentry on guard at the gate of the stockade. The sentry, however, did not seem so concerned with guarding the gate as with guarding the roof, up at which he gazed continually. Joan wondered if he would fire at her if she ventured out from the cabin on to the roof again, wondered, too, what the next move would be and what orders Doyle had given.

She felt faint and weak, and after a time she sat down limply on the rough floor, resting her elbows on her knees and her head on her hands, resisting the inclination to cry out of sheer weariness and exhaustion.

"I must try to be brave," she told herself. "If Doyle is as badly hurt as he looks, he will not be able to harm me. He could shoot me, of course, if I ventured down, and the native sentry might shoot me if I tried to escape. I shall make a bid for freedom when darkness comes, and find some means of killing myself if I can't get away."

Much seemed to depend upon how sorely Blackbird Doyle was hurt, and what orders he had given to the natives concerning her. There was the risk that the savages, if Doyle was helpless, might seek to recapture her.

The chances of escape seemed remote in the extreme. A sort of apathy settled down on Joan as she sat on the floor, aching, [illegible], and utterly wretched.

Night came, and she stirred herself and stretched her cramped limbs. She saw a light appear through the chinks of the trap-door in the room below, and heard the rumble of voices, which decided her it would be futile to attempt to escape by means of the ladder. Opening the door of the cabin, she went out onto the flat roof and looked down. It was very dark and she could see nothing, but she heard the shuffle of feet below and conjectured that natives were patroling round the hut.

"It's no use!" murmured Joan in despair. "I seem to be trapped."

She felt inclined to hurl herself from the roof, and it was only the fear that she might not break her neck or injure herself fatally that restrained her. As she stood hesitating, she was startled by the sound of knocking at the trap-door in the floor of the cabin, and she darted to the door to listen.

"Hi! You she-devil, can you hear me?" called Doyle's voice. "Come down and say you're sorry, and I'll forgive you for laying me out with the brandy bottle."

Joan did not answer, and Doyle hammered on the trap again and shouted louder.

"Open the trap and come down, I tell you, or it will be the worse for you, my beauty. I'll serve you out for daring to strike your master. Come out! I'll flay the white skin off your back, you spitfire, flog you in front of the natives, and I'll force you to watch your precious Hilary Sterling being cut into bits. I'll—I'll—"

In his excitement and weakness Doyle lost his balance, missed his footing on the iron ladder, and half-fell, half-slithered to the ground with a crash which temporarily knocked the breath out of him. And as soon as he recovered his breath he let loose such a flood of oaths and curses as would have made the blood of a [illegible] curdle.

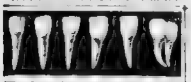
"I'm sorry to find the blow didn't kill you," called Joan, [illegible] moved to defiance and [illegible] by the threats and vile language.

"Oh, so you've found your tongue, have you?" Doyle called up to her. "Here, why can't you be sensible? Listen to me, Joan. You're trapped up there, and I can starve you into submission. I've a good mind to keep you without food or water until you're prepared to grovel at my feet."

"I'll die first!" exclaimed Joan.

"Oh, no, you won't die—anyhow, you won't die of thirst or starvation," Doyle cried. "I'll have you down in the morning, my beauty, and I guess I'll be fit to deal with you then in spite of the smack on the head. I've set the natives to the job of cutting down a tree to make a ladder, and they'll be up in the morning to batter in the door of the cabin. You'd best come down now and give yourself up. No use trying to get down from the roof, for I've got men waiting for you all around the house. If it wasn't that your knock on the head has made me feel groggy, I'd come up and batter in the trap door with an axe. You'd better come down, Joan, instead of waiting to be mauled about by natives in the morning. Come along, my dear.

(Continued on Page 20)



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PYORRHEA

forced extraction of these perfect teeth

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The teeth themselves may be white and free from decay but they are not safe [illegible] unless the gums [illegible] of the teeth—are firm and healthy. Care of the gums is fully as important as care of the teeth.

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A GOOD fruit drink can be made by putting a couple of teaspoonfuls of jelly into a glass of cold water. Grape and currant jellies are especially tasty. A little lemon and sugar may be added if desired.

Soup From Left-Overs.

THE left-over dish of spinach, cauliflower, peas, carrots, etc., can be made into a tasty cream soup for the kiddies' lunch the next day. Serve small crackers or toasted squares of bread with it.

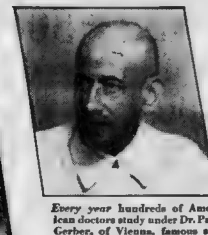
Summer Flowers.

ARRANGE shrubs for the front lawn so that there are blooms throughout the season. White Spires, Pink Spires and Hydrangea are some of the plants that bloom at different times of the Summer.

Watercress Butter.

BEAT ½ cup butter until smooth and creamy. Add 5 or 6 tablespoons finely chopped watercress and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. If a little more color is desired add a suggestion of green color paste.

Prisoners of an artificial civilization! . . . Must you, too, spend the sunny, health-giving hours in cave-like office or factory, in sunless school or home? . . . Read how science has captured the health power of the sun itself in a famous food!



Every year hundreds of American doctors study under Dr. Paul Gerber, of Vienna, famous specialist in internal medicine. He is a member of the Academy of Medicine of Austria. He says, "The discovery of vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, and its recent production by irradiating fresh yeast, should be a boon to millions who are indoors most of the day."

for "Sunlight-Starved" *men, women and children*

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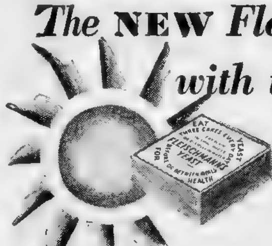

STARVED! for lack of sunshine. Weak-bodied, flabby—"soft". Bones under-developed. Teeth a prey to decay.

Such is the fearful price we pay for the sunless lives we lead. . .

A brilliant American scientist set out to find a *substitute* for the health energy of the sun.

He calls his discovery "irradiation". When fresh yeast, for example, has been exposed to certain powerful rays like those from the sun, it acts on the human system exactly the same as the ultra-violet rays of the sun itself! . .

"Irradiated" by a unique, patented process, the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast is by far the richest food source of the precious "sunshine" vitamin, the health principle of sunlight. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to a whole day in the summer sun!

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And now—eat it because every cake brings you the hardening, ultra-violet energy of the sun itself! Eat 3 cakes daily, before or between meals; plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

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Cuticura for PURITY

The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

(Continued from Page 14)

will be no work tonight, Kingdom. Not tonight. Now the lion roared! Do you remember how I pleaded with you to spare me? I had been foolish with that bogus platinum mine. But there were other things with which I could have paid back the poor fools their money. But the lion roared." Cortinas laughed violently. "So I was hunted and all but hanged, and broken in prison, and the fools lost all their money. Lion! If you had been gentle with me then, I could have watched you that Lucian was after your wife, that murderess to whom you are now fastened for life."

"Be quiet!" Kingdom snarled. He was ashen. With a great effort he staggered to his feet. Cortinas leaped over and gave him a blow on the cheek which sent him back to the couch.

"Keep there! How many other men have you sent to their ruin since, Lion?" he demanded. "How many other women have you lost because of your brute blindness?"

A dark mist swam before Roger Kingdom. He was conscious of a wild impulse to fling himself upon the mischaen little man who sat taunting him. But he was far too weak. Whatever drug had been given to him, his limbs were like water, and he was not far from growing insensible again. Once before, when he had been drugged and robbed in a quayside pulperia in Mexico, he had felt like that. In some way, the Anaconda's words had stunned him, too. What other man had he ruined? What other woman had he lost? The mocking questions came to him in the singular because he knew their answers.

He brought his filming sight to his surroundings. The cabin of some ship contained him; a cabin furnished with a luxury that was almost barbaric, with its opal ceilings and pearl-tinted furniture. When he listened, he could hear the gentle lap of water, though the vessel was not moving.

"The Chiquita, the private yacht of Senor Fermando Garcia, a wealthy South American, who is very much at your service Kingdom." The Anaconda's momentary passion had gone, and he spoke somberly but it was only like the closing of a furnace-door. "We sail in a few hours."

"Where to?" asked Kingdom, very wearily. A stupor was creeping upon him. Men trapped as he was knew when they were caught. He could not fight. Not yet, at any rate.

"To South America," replied Cortinas.

He moved closer to Kingdom, whose heavy eyes opened at the answer, and the two stared at each other. In the eyes of the Anaconda, also, behind the madness which flamed there, a deep weariness seemed to lie. He looked as if the fury of his long waiting had burned him up. Now, at last, it was ended.

"You shall come, Kingdom. I came many thousand leagues to fetch you. The man I sent failed, for his mistress, your wife, shot him. So I came myself. If by some miracle you escape from here, I should follow you. Even until I died. It is fated. But you will not escape. I have washed out our tracks. No one knows you are on the Chiquita save my men, who are faithful because they are all servants whom I have paid as they deserved—with rewards. You shall come to South America. There I shall pay my debt to you and, then, if fate wills, go back to my wife and children."

Kingdom's head nodded in the fumes of the drug.

"Why not here?" Why not kill me here, Cortinas?"

"It would be too cold-blooded. No, I am no assassin, Kingdom. I seek only eye for eye and tooth for tooth. It is a creed which all men such as you, who have become powerful, will understand. There is a river swamp near Bahia Blanca where we land. There, you shall be hunted even as I was. You shall have a good start, but you will not escape. No, you shall be caught—the dogs may maul you a little—and you shall be cast into prison and loaded with a charming set of irons, even as I was. A special prison, and special irons. For ten years, less a few weeks. Believe me, I shall keep an exact reckoning. Then, if you are alive, you shall be free to come back to England and persuade people that you are the Roger Kingdom who disappeared ten years before. Though I think it will be difficult."

"You're not sane!" Kingdom said, laboriously.

The Anaconda bowed. He was limping to the door of the cabin.

"Neither will you be—after ten years. Do you leave some woman behind, Kingdom, may I ask—even as I do?"

Kingdom struggled against his ebbing strength. Beth! The whirlpool would get her again. The little mother would die. The vulture would come down upon all the pile of wealth and power he had built from his dreams and his sinews.

Somebody laughed. It was himself, before weakness was upon him and he lost consciousness again.

CHAPTER XV.

A New Beth.

BETH CONISTON sat in a corner of the dingy little drawing-room of the Hotel Vivaldi, with a novel on her lap. She was not reading. Nor, though she watched the group of querulous people who jockeyed for the chairs nearest to the fire, were her thoughts about them. They were faded relics of long-dead professional men, for the most part, cleing out the last years of a lonely and peevish existence. And the Hotel Vivaldi itself was like a grubby old creature of a house, sinking into dotage. But it was cheap and remote from the Cubbingtons. There, she could hide and survey this new shabby-genteel world to which she had been brought, for as yet it was not utter poverty that she faced. Hunyadi Coppers, which had held what was left of Julian Coniston's fortune, were worthless and there was a mortgage on the house in St. James's Square. But she still had some money—a few hundred.

"I said I would let him know when I found my soul!"

A flush crept upon Beth's cheeks, a startled wondor at herself made her pulse beat quickly. She felt quietly, gloriously content. A month before she would have thought the drab world in which she found herself little better than death. But now—it was from the picture of the Cubbingtons in Sam Ling's den that she shrank. Her friendship with Lucian Burke was a shriveled thing. His influence had gone. Perhaps the stain of it remained on her, but that would go in time, too. A lot of stains from the fevered world in which she had once moved might remain, but they would wash off. Would she have to wait? If he meant that she should go down into the work-a-day to fight for her living and find her soul with the lamp of courage, she would do it. It was all as he wished. She had reached surrender.

"Surrender!" whispered Beth, half-aloud.

All at once she knew. Her body was no longer an empty tenement. She had found her soul because she loved Roger Kingdom.

For a moment Beth sat very still under the miracle. The mumble of the old ladies round the fire still reached her, the man-of-all-work of the Hotel Vivaldi came to stealthily carry away the poker and wink at Beth as he passed with it. Before she knew it she wanted to sob—she, Beth Coniston, of the whirlpool, to whom tears were so hard—but it was for very happiness.

The old ladies had discovered the theft of the poker and there was a cackle of excitement and indignation behind Beth as she went out of the drawing-room. In the shabby hall she stood beside the telephone-box. She had promised to tell him. . .

Her eyes were like stars. She caught sight of them in a mirror, burning against the dingy background of the Hotel Vivaldi.

"I wasn't lucky on the telephone last time!"

So, with the magic throb beating within her which, in all the gilt and glamour of her past life she had sometimes dreamed of, Beth Coniston went out into the lighted street and called a taxicab. The night was early yet and there was no chance of meeting those nocturnal creatures the Cubbingtons. She knew that if she did meet them she would smile at them and pass on with that bird of happiness singing within her. Nothing could stop her. She was going to Roger Kingdom to receive sentence.

The Park Lane house looked larger and richer than ever, yet to Beth's new eyes it was only the exuberant fancy of a boy, and not the extravagant taste of a vulgarian. She stood in the big hall trembling a little. King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid!

"My son has gone out." A gentle voice with a quaint country burr said, at Beth's side. "But won't you come in and wait for him?"

This was his mother, the Victoria Kingdom who was the butt of the Cubbingtons! She was like a little prim pixie grown old, with her white hair and smooth skin and soft, mysterious eyes. A burning flush touched Beth's cheek.

"My name is Beth Coniston"—she began, rather faltering.

"The lovely lady!" said Victoria Kingdom, with a grave chuckle. "Well, I'm not saying it isn't a good name. Esther Boothroyd—that's my servant—has just put Shuffler and Prince to bed, for they've had a hard day at the Tower of London. Shuffler fell down the steps of the Bloody Tower, poor mite—the once the bodies of the young Princes were thrown down, you know—and he's got a terrible bump on his forehead. Come into my parlor will you? Jenny's keeping me company."

Beth followed. His mother! She was frightened for a moment. In the little parlor where she found herself, Victoria Kingdom had taken her hands, and was looking at her.

"You're a really lovely lady, my dear," she said. Was the tremor in her voice jealousy, or some deep fear and pity?

Victoria Kingdom knew something. Had he told her about her, about—about how he meant to marry her? Or was it only from the Four Jewels, who thought she and Roger Kingdom were prince and princess, that she had learned? Then Jenny—a new Jenny Jewel with pink cheeks and eyes glowing with delight—had her arms about her neck.

"I daren't do it before, miss—hug you, I mean," Jenny's soft whisper came. "Not in Blue Anchor Quay. I was grubby and you was so so polished, and glossy-like. But you're not now. Please, miss, you're nicer now even then you was then."

A blurr passed across Beth's sight. She looked through it and saw that Victoria Kingdom was watching her, with the dread and compassion that bewildered her again.

"Julian Coniston's daughter!" the old woman said. "I only saw your father once, lass. But you're like him. I saw you once before, too. It was that night you climbed on the balcony here and Roger went away with you."

She rose. Someway, Victoria Kingdom seemed to have shrunk smaller than ever at that moment. And she looked frightened.

"It's my bedtime," she said. "I'm an old woman and I go early. You'll want to see Roger by himself, won't you? But Jenny will keep you company."

She was almost at the door when Beth reached her. Her quick, breathless words came involuntarily.

"You don't dislike me? You don't think I mean to steal your son from you? Oh, I don't! He has asked me to marry him, but I should never take him from you. I should make you love me as much as you love him. That night I came here I was different. Something has happened to me since then. It is not that—that Roger"—Beth stumbled on the name—"has made me poor for some reason of his own. I don't mind being poor. But I've changed. Perhaps too late. Do you think it is too late?"

Her fingers were in the old woman's, her vibrant youth like a flame. But her face was white. And suddenly, she saw that Victoria Kingdom was very pale and haggard, too.

"Too late?" Roger Kingdom's mother touched her cheek, looking at her intently. "How do I know? It's Roger's pleasing."

The door closed silently behind her. Beth sat down in one of the old-fashioned chairs and there was no sound save the tick of the old ormulu clock on the mantelpiece. Jenny Jewel sat on the sofa, demurely plying her crochet-work. Across Beth came a sense of dreaming. Was this the old Beth of the Cubbingtons who sat in a quaint shabby parlor at the heart of a great house and waited to tell the Red Vandal that she loved him—if he should ask her again?

Too late! Perhaps it was.

Jenny's soft voice was speaking, telling of marvels.

"Prince and Shuffler have a nursery, miss, with white beds and bars at the window, and a little bicycle each, and Shuffler won't come out of 'is' bath once he gets into it. And Mick, he's going to a school where they wear striped caps, and he's going to be a detective guarding Kings and Queens and such-like people when he grows up. Unless the Big Man wants him to be a bridge builder. And me, oh, I'm so happy, please, miss, that I pinch myself till I'm quite black and blue, to see if I'm awake. And we've got one part of the palace—house I mean—all to ourselves. The Big Man calls it the Jewelry—"

It was growing late. The fire in Victoria Kingdom's parlor was hot and drowsy. Yet a coldness crept over Beth Coniston and it seemed to her that she must sit there for ever—waiting, waiting.

Too late!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Organizing the Kitchen for Convenient Work

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE consumer seems now to be universally "kitchen conscious!" Today the average housewife is just as much concerned with the appearance of her kitchen as she is of her living room. Not only has color come into the kitchen, but even more important, the organization and relation of the equipment have become familiar and popular knowledge to countless housewives.

It is not more than twenty years ago that women were startled when I advocated a step-saving kitchen and proved that kitchen work could be routed just like factory work. The equipment of the kitchen must be placed so that work proceeds in a chain of steps, without crossing backward and forward in useless waste motion.

As I have said many times, there are two main processes in all kitchen work: (1) Preparing; (2) Cleaning away. Under the first group must be arranged the main equipment of refrigerator, cabinet (or preparing table), range, and serving surface. If this is done, the worker starts with her foods, mixes or prepares them, cooks them, and serves them in a direct line.

On the other side of the kitchen and totally separate must be the installation for clearing away the soiled dishes, washing them and laying them away. This means that there should be a stack-table, or right drain, the dish-rack left drain and the storage shelves. By keeping these grouped together, the work of scraping, washing, drying and laying away can also proceed in a straight line. This means that every sink must have a double drain, or preferably a combination stack-table at the right on which to scrape and stack the soiled dishes. They are then washed, and with a rapid left-hand repeating motion, dried, and laid away.

Every kitchen can follow this basic plan in the location of its main equipment. Also it can follow the second rule of all kitchen efficiency—keep related tools together and at the place where they are most frequently used. Thus, if a frying pan is used at the range, hang it near the range. If a set of mixing bowls is required at the cabinet, keep them in the cabinet and not in a twenty-foot distant pantry.

This point, which is called technically "placement," can be followed out in the location of every article in the kitchen, including the can opener, which must be where? Near the kitchen sink and the waste disposal basket.

In addition to the usual familiar equipment, there are several new items which will make the housewife's work-room more convenient. One of these is the ventilated vegetable bin made of metal with various compartments. This should be located near the sink, because the vegetables will have to be washed before use. A good plan, if possible, is to place such a bin under the right side of the sink, where the potatoes, onions, etc., are most easily brought out and scoured.

While the average kitchen cabinet is a helpful organizer of kitchen work, the upper portion is not always the best utilization of space. Often the shelf in the cabinet is too high or too low, and no provision is made for hanging up the many beaters and kitchen cutlery at this work point. Here the housewife herself may become an efficiency expert! She can buy only the lower part of the cabinet and then plan out an upper portion to suit her particular space. The modernistic idea of steps or shelves at different levels, can be applied most excellently.

For example, the mixing bowls and food supplies can all have a separate step. Then some of the new modernistic glassware, in color, of course, such as every house furnishing basement offers, can be used to hold the food staples instead of the former straight jars. Or there is a good deal of drug-store glassware and chemical glassware, used for store display, which makes most effective containers for the home kitchen.

One enterprising firm has provided a kind of separated cabinet or partitioned drawer for holding the average supply of cereals, spices, etc. This comes in various lengths and may easily be connected with the usual cabinet or installed separately. It looks like the glass-covered display cabinet which grocers show with samples of rice, beans, etc. It provides a sanitary container for the daily staples.

One of the kitchen sink manufacturers has utilized an idea which anyone can adapt. This is the use of a small pail or flexible container under the sink for holding scouring cloths, brushes and such unsightly but necessary tools. Any housewife can take one of the extension garbage catch-alls and use it for the same purpose.

Few housewives realize the possibilities of decorated molds as kitchen ornaments. Some of these molds are made in pottery of beautiful luster. Others come in retinned ware in modernistic designs. Originally intended to shape puddings and desserts, they nevertheless dress up the kitchen in a most effective way.

Another plan to bring a simple decoration into the kitchen is by the use of a special mounted panel, say over the sink, or other wall space. For example, a colorful garden frieze, or scenic paper, may be mounted on a stiff back, and have a narrow molding all around. This may then be set as a panel, after which it is treated to two coats of clear shellac. This will make it waterproof. There are many effective wall papers which can be utilized in this way as kitchen frescoes.

While the vogue for color is still strong, there is more attention being paid to the shapes of kitchen utensils than ever before. Both the enamel ware and the aluminum manufacturers are putting out more practical shapes and ones which are certainly more beautiful. Some in aluminum, for example, are more squat, thus utilizing fuel more effectively. Others have a touch of jade or red on the handle. More have flat sensible lids. Others are combination frying and baking units, which is certainly a step in the right direction. Altogether the new aluminum cooking utensils have a real decorative value, and should be chosen with this in mind as well as their utility.

Much improvement too has been made in stainless steel. This is not now limited solely to knives, but is used in mixing spoons and other kitchen tools formerly made chiefly in wire.

The advantages are obvious, because stainless steel stands up under the hardest usage, does not discolor, and, of course, has more edge and cut than wire.

Sets of decorated canisters in the prevailing kitchen color plan are inexpensive and will easily dress up some bare shelves. One manufacturer puts out a set with a good-looking picture showing a girl picking tea, and other scenes associated with the food product.

Another of the newer equipment is a set of refrigerator molds or dishes which can be filled with a dessert, frozen in the refrigerator, and served to the guests. These are made in heavy retinned ware washed with silver and are as good looking as they are practical.

A new utility is a small size kitchen help-all which will grind meat, chop, mix, or do everything but think and talk back. Such an outfit is much better than the former clumsy hotel-size model answering the same purpose. If the housewife keeps on waiting long enough the manufacturer will at last find out that she does not want small sizes of the same model that the hotel uses, but a small model designed for her especial needs. How long it does take some manufacturers to find this out!

This season of the year when vacation is over, the children well started to school, and the housewife thinking of her Winter club work, is just the time to organize the kitchen. This means studying the conditions, watching the way the work is actually done, and then placing the equipment and the tools in the best, most convenient and step-saving arrangement to accomplish that end.

Baked Potatoes.

WASH and dry potatoes of uniform size. Bake about 1 hour in a hot oven or about 450 degrees. When potatoes are soft pick them up with a heavy towel and rub quickly to make them mealy. Make a large gash in shape of cross on top of each potato and put a little butter, salt and paprika on each. Serve immediately.

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Passion Island

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 18)

I'm jus' going to have supper."

Joan gritted her teeth and made no answer, and she heard Doyle, after a pause, apparently throwing things about and swearing again.

"All right, stop where you are!" he shouted at last. "Perhaps you'll be more ready to listen to reason after a night on the hard boards without food or drink, you spitfire jade. I'll bring you to your senses, my girl!"

Still Joan made no answer, but stood tense, biting her lips and wringing her hands. Her position seemed utterly hopeless, yet her whole soul revolted at the idea of surrendering and humbling herself to beg for mercy.

It did occur to her, however, that she might pretend to surrender, in the hope of obtaining possession of Doyle's revolver while he was asleep and shooting herself is she found there was no hope of escape.

"It seems my only chance," thought Joan. "I'll venture down when I think he is asleep, and try to get the pistol. If I fail, I shall be no worse off, for I shall be dragged down in the morning when the natives bring the ladder along and get on the roof."

She sat down again on the floor, after opening the ports, for the air had become stifling. She could hear Doyle moving about below, heard the rattle of dishes, and presumed he was having supper. Later the smell of tobacco smoke came wafting up to her through the chinks in the floor, and she found herself longing for a cigarette.

The air became more oppressive, and Joan stretched herself out on the hard, uneven floor and tried to compose herself to sleep after a time when all became silent in the room below. She dozed fitfully, waking time and again with a convulsive start and with her brow wet with sweat. The very air seemed laden with menace, and when she rose to her feet, aching and cramped, she heard thunder rumbling in the distance and knew another tropical storm was brewing.

"When the storm breaks there might be a chance to get away," reflected Joan, and even as the thought crossed her mind a terrific gust of wind struck the side of the roof-cabin with such force as to make it seem to rock and stagger.

Then came a tremendous clap of thunder, a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a deluge of rain. Rain is hardly the word. It seemed as if the heavens had opened and all the clouds had burst at once and were emptying themselves on the roof, as if an ocean of rain was breaking over the hut. Thundercap succeeded thundercap, the lightning blinked, flashed, glared, dazzled, the wind howled, screamed, roared.

Joan shivered and shuddered at every crash, and felt panic gripping her again, but with an effort she conquered her terror.

"I must try to get away now," she said aloud. "Lightning always scares the natives, and they will be too terrified to interfere even if they see me. Everything depends on whether Doyle hears me. I'll take the chance!"

There seemed little chance of Doyle hearing her above the tremendous noise of the storm, but Joan instinctively tried to make as little sound as possible as she slipped the iron staple out of its fastenings and with difficulty lifted the heavy trap door.

Peering down into the room below, she saw it was untenanted but a light was burning on the table. There was a rustling sound, also, from the inner room, the door of which stood open. There was just a possibility, thought Joan, that Doyle, as a result of drinking so much brandy and losing blood, might be sleeping soundly in spite of the storm, or, even if he was awake, he might not hear her owing to the clamor of the storm outside.

Her heart was pounding wildly as she swung herself down from the cabin on to the iron ladder. Her eyes were on the door of the inner room as she descended, and she did not see Blackbird Doyle slip out of one of the bunks almost below her. A scream of terror burst from her as he threw his arms around her almost the moment she set foot on the floor, but she was so completely taken by surprise that she did not even attempt to struggle. She saw Doyle's lips moving, but she could not hear what he was saying, for at the moment there came another deafening clap of thunder, but his eyes told her he was gloating over her.

"So the storm made you change your mind and decided you'd come back to your master," Doyle shouted in her ear.

Joan nodded her head, remembering that her hope of escape lay in pretending to surrender, and trying to control her terror. Resolved to play a part, she flung her arms round Doyle's neck and clung to him.

"You frightened me. I'm frightened now, and you must take care of me," she cried gaspingly, as Doyle crushed her closer to his breast.

"Yes, I'll take care of you all right, my dear," Doyle answered, with an exultant laugh, and kissed her. "I knew you'd be glad to creep into my arms eventually, my little spitfire."

He was standing with his back to the door, and as Joan twisted her face away from him to avoid his kisses she saw the door swing open, and before she could realize what was happening an almost naked, brown-skinned native, streaming wet, leaped forward from the doorway and seized Doyle from behind, tripping him up and bearing him to the ground, and almost at the same moment a white man dashed into the room with a revolver in his hand.

The native's leap at Doyle had sent Joan staggering away from the latter, and she scarcely realized what was happening. But as she recovered herself she saw that the white man with the revolver was Hilary Sterling.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Science Trying to Unravel One of Nature's Greatest Miracles—How Man Acquired His Warm Blood

(Continued From Double Page.)

blood that warm-blooded creatures possess.

Long before there were any fishes in the world or any creatures even more remotely representing the higher animal groups, ancestors of these sea-cucumbers are believed to have been plentiful in the waters of the sea. Their ancestors, in turn, probably had been jelly-fish, remotely resembling the kinds of these creatures that still exist and that occasionally sting bathers on tropical sea beaches. The jelly fish had no blood, either red or blue. On the contrary, the inside of a jelly-fish's body is still freely open to the sea.

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But out of these ancient jelly-fish there developed, probably more than a billion years ago in earth history, some small jelly-like creatures whose inside was closed off from the ocean and whose bodies possessed rows of small muscular hairs, not unlike oars. By waving these hairs in the water these ancient creatures moved about from place to place.

No fossils of these little oar-equipped jelly balls have been found in the ancient rocks. Probably none ever will be, for their bodies had no bones and were too soft to be easily preserved. But present-day oceans contain, under favorable conditions, millions of little jelly balls believed to be much like the ancient ones. When scientists first found these no one knew what they were. Now it has been proved that they are baby sea cucumbers, destined to give up swimming, to lose their living oars and to settle down to life as crawlers on the ocean bottom. These little oar-propelled creatures are probably the ones, many scientists now believe, who are to be credited with the invention of the human kind of blood; an invention which the surviving sea cucumbers of the Japanese coasts retain in a primitive form.

Out of these ancient sea cucumber-like creatures developed, in the course of many ages, worm-like creatures with the beginning of a back bone. These led, as still more ages rolled past, to primitive kinds of fish. Presently some of the fish came out on land and developed legs and lungs. Finally some of their descendants, the tiny dinosaur-fearing reptiles developed their inheritance of warm-blood machinery and became the first mammals. Another group of these, experimenting in another direction with their evolutionary inheritance, became the first birds.

The beginnings of the glands, also so necessary for modern warm-blooded creatures, is probably to be traced back almost as far. Modern reptiles possess a rudimentary, undeveloped kind of gland system, as though nature had started to create a damper to control the bodily furnace but had abandoned the job half done. Even among fish, most of which are completely cold-blooded, there are signs that the gland system exists in a meagre and not very useful form. The tuna fish, for example, is able to regulate its temperature to a slight extent, being sometimes five or ten degrees warmer than the water in which it lives.

Tracing the gland system or its predecessors back of the fish group into the animals that have no backbones is a scientific effort which only a very few research scientists have attempted. Professor M. Vandel discovered a few years ago evidence of the existence of certain glands in a variety of marine worm. Professor Gaskell has found similar signs of a very primitive kind of adrenal gland, the gland supposed to control fear, rage and courage, in worms not unlike earthworms.

A curious small lump of tissue known to exist in many members of the squid family, including the marine squid and the octopus has been imagined by some investigators as perhaps a partial forerunner of modern pituitary glands like the thyroid gland of the human throat. There is no doubt of the possession of gland systems by frogs, newts and other creatures of the amphibian class, able to live both in water and in air. Glands are possessed also by fish, just as fish have all the other beginnings, although still undeveloped, of the full mechanism of warm blood.

It has been imagined, on the basis of some recent experiments by Dr. J. H. Thompson, of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, in London, that certain plants, especially the familiar salad plant called watercress, responded to gland chemicals, and may have chemical mechanisms of some kind which can manufacture these chemicals. Just as it is possible to trace the beginnings of breathing back to tiny, one-celled creatures that lived in the earth's most primitive seas; just as the first steps toward the making and use of blood seem to have been taken many millions of years ago by ancient relatives of the lowly coral animals which Dr. Yonge and his companions are now studying along the borders of the Great Barrier Reef; so it is not unlikely that the very first signs of glands and of the responses of living protoplasm to gland chemicals are to be sought far back in the beginnings of evolution, even among creatures so primitive that they were neither animals nor plants. So far as actual proof goes, however, the first of the efficient gland dampers that regulate body temperature are found in certain kinds of fish, of which the tuna fish is one.

Whether the sea cucumbers possess a gland system or not is still unknown. Probably they do not, at least in any complete way, since it is difficult to see how these glands could escape being ruined during the sea cucumber's curious habit of expelling most of its internal organs when alarmed. But that remarkable creature undoubtedly possesses the beginnings of the chief essential of warm-bloodedness; that is, the blood. It may turn out that it possesses rudimentary glands, too.

So the warm blood of mankind has an ancestry even more ancient than the backbone or arms and legs or any part of the modern skeleton, for the sea cucumbers are still completely boneless. Which is appropriate enough, for warm blood is certainly one of man's chief assets in his conquest of the earth.

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Cantaloupe, Cereal, Boiled Eggs, Baking Powder Biscuit, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Corn Oysters, Tomatoes, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges and Bananas, Bacon and Eggs, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Figs, Creamed Dried Beef, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, French Toast, Coffee.	Figs, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Small Sausage Balls, Graham Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Macaroni Custard, Rolls, Cream Cheese, Jam, Tea.	Creamed Tuna Fish, Potatoes, Reheated Rolls or Toast, Stuffed Pear Salad, Cheese Wafers, Coffee.	Creamed Corn Chowder, Lettuce and Grape Salad, Hermits, Tea.	Black Bean Puree, Sardines on Toast, Jellied Sweet Cider, Cup Cakes.	Scalloped Oysters, Celery Salad with Savory Dressing. Stewed Fruit, Brownies.	Halibut and Green Pea Salad (Left-Over Halibut), Reheated Graham Rolls or Date Muffins, Tea.	Rib Roast of Beef, Browned Potatoes, Glazed Onions, Apple Jelly, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Peach Melba, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Pork Tenderloin with Apple Rings, Brussels Sprouts, Steamed Rice, Emergency Salad (Left-Overs), Fruit Blanc Mange.	Cold Roast Pork, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Spinach, Apple and Celery Salad, Jelly, Coffee with Cream.	Roast Veal, Steamed Potatoes, Spinach, Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad, Graham Pudding with Silver Sauce.	Veal Croquettes or Birds (Left-Over Veal), Paprika Potatoes, Glazed Apples, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Grape Pie.	Halibut Steak, Potatoes, Baked Stuffed Green Peppers, Jellied Fruit Salad, Half Cups Coffee.	Vegetable Stew, Paprika Dumplings, Tapioca Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Cream of Potato Soup, Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Stewed Fruit.

Leaky Gas Stoves a Nuisance

IMPROPERLY adjusted gas stoves are the cause of serious discomfort and chronic ill health among householders who never suspect the source of the trouble, the United Bureau of Mines warns in a bulletin.

More gas is used and less air is admitted into houses in Winter, a situation that produces many mild or moderate forms of carbon monoxide poisoning. Housewives in a four-apartment building in Pittsburgh complained of chronic headache, languor and nausea. They attributed it to pollution of the air from automobile exhaust gas.

Investigation by the experiment station of the Bureau of Mines at Pittsburgh proved that the gas ranges used in the apartments were discharging an amount of carbon monoxide into the air that would cause a headache in an hour, with more severe symptoms on longer exposure.

Gas heating and cooking appliances should be thoroughly inspected and adjusted before cold weather arrives. Much discomfort and the danger of fatal poisoning may be averted by this precaution, the bureau states.

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Returns to the Campus
. . . bringing with her a silken mound of Underthings by Vanity Fair. Summer's proved the wear they grant—her mirror tells of the lithe, youthful contours they accent. With Silkeness by Vanity Fair (woven of pure silk reinforced with Bemberg) she'll establish anew her precedent—for selecting always—the best!
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SILK MILLS
Reading Pennsylvania

Nine of My Favorite Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Raw Potato Pancakes.

MIX 1 pound of grated raw potatoes, 1 minced onion, 1 egg and ½ cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Drop by spoonfuls in hot fat, flatten slightly, and when well browned drain on unglazed paper and serve immediately.

Potato Rolls.

ADD ½ cup butter to ½ cup hot mashed potatoes. Dissolve 1 yeast cake in ½ cup lukewarm water in which potatoes were boiled. Add ½ cup sugar and 2 well-beaten eggs to the potato and yeast mixture and mix thoroughly. Add 3 cups flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and knead until smooth and satiny. Let rise until light. Roll out, cut and shape as pocketbook rolls. Brush with melted butter before folding. Let rise again and bake in a moderate oven.

Peach Melba.

PLACE a thin circular piece of sponge cake on a dessert plate. On this place half of a canned or preserved peach. Above the peach place vanilla ice cream and then cover it with rich raspberry sauce.

Breaded Veal Cutlets.

SELECT cutlets about 1 inch thick. Beat slightly and shape like miniature hams. Dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker crumbs. To prepare the cracker crumbs mix 2 parts rolled crackers with 1 part each flour and cornmeal, and season well with salt and pepper. Fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve hot with sliced lemon and parsley and any desired sauce.

Chicken a la King.

MELT ¼ cup butter and in it cook 3 tablespoons minced peppers until soft. Add ¼ cup sifted flour, ¾ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a little paprika. Blend well and add 2 cups thin cream. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Bring to boiling point one time, set over hot water and add 2½ cups sliced or diced chicken, ½ cup canned mushrooms or a few sauted fresh mushrooms and 1 tablespoon minced pimiento. Serve hot.

Cream of Celery Soup.

PUT 1 quart of chopped celery leaves and tips into a saucepan with 1 pint of water, a sprig of parsley, a slice of onion and a small piece of bayleaf. Simmer gently until soft, adding water as needed to keep the liquid about 1 pint. Strain and add 1 pint of scalded rich milk. Thicken with 3 tablespoons flour blended with 3 tablespoons butter and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Bring to boiling point, reduce heat and serve with small croutons.

Old-Fashioned Sweet Potato Pudding.

GRATE 2 sweet potatoes of medium size. Pour 1 quart rich milk over them immediately so they will not become discolored. Beat 2 eggs thoroughly with 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon molasses and any desired spice. Combine with the potato and milk mixture. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with whipped cream.

Brownies.

CREAM ⅓ cup butter with ½ cup sifted powdered sugar. Add ⅓ cup molasses and 1 well-beaten egg. Add ⅔ cup sifted flour and 1 cup chopped pecan meats. Turn into small brownie pans, put half of a pecan meat on each cake and bake in a moderate oven.

Delicate Cake.

WASH and cream 1 cup butter. Gradually beat in 1½ cups sifted pastry flour sifted again with 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat 5 egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Gradually beat 1½ cups sifted powdered sugar into them. Beat the sugar mixture into the butter and flour. Beat in 5 stiffly beaten egg whites. Flavor with ½ teaspoon almond and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a buttered and floured loaf cake pan about 1 hour.

American Weekly Patterns

11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PRETTY AFTERNOON FROCK (6601). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. To underface the skirt, the jabot and for revers facing of contrasting material, as illustrated, 1¼ yards 39 inches wide is required.

A PLEASING SCHOOL DRESS (6616). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material. For collar, overlap and belt of contrasting material, ⅝ yard 32 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

A STYLISH MODEL WITH NEW FEATURES (6603). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material. For the belt of contrasting material, ⅛ yard 39 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

A SIMPLE PLAY GARMENT FOR YOUNG CHILDREN (6625). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 1, 2 and 3 years. To make a 2-year size will require 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material. If made without the bishop sleeve portion, 1¼ yards is required. For collar and band cuffs of contrasting material, ¼ yard is required, cut crosswise.

A COMFORTABLE GARMENT (6609). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. For shoulder straps of ribbon, 1 yard will be required.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin, to

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A Word to Other Mothers

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods. Also, "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development.

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SHE SAID:
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stops body odor

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A flying hurdle—then impact. Power, momentum—that would not be denied until the last white line was crossed. A shrill, thrilling whistle. It was a touchdown—and victory!

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